

THE ILLUSTRATED
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NEWS

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With Title and Index.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. LABOUCHERE is the most courageous of men—in print. Give him pen and ink, only leave him to himself, and he will describe his bearing under troublous circumstances as no hero of romance would ever have dreamed of doing. His own story of his thrashing is undeniably funny, but the question arises, is it precisely accurate? Let us charitably hope that the poor gentleman was too much overcome by surprise, and what in more vulgar mortals would have been terror, to recollect quite how things were, for I have heard an account of the little affair from a good authority who describes the beating Mr. Lawson administered as a very sound one indeed, and says that all Mr. Labouchere did was to ejaculate, "What's this? What's this?" though, if rumours be true, he should have known quite well from previous experience. No doubt the affair will have a beneficial effect upon the circulation of *Truth*. People, in these curious days, will be glad to know how Mr. Labouchere feels under the circumstances. Still, if a journal is doing moderately well, sore shoulders and accompanying humiliation seem a heavy price to pay for a slight increase in sale.

WE are not in the habit of crowing; but in the face of the number of journals which "went" for Adamite and Westbourne, to the exclusion of everything else, some credit is certainly due to "Skylark," who in the last number of this paper gave Dresden China and Chipendale—and gave them in big letters—to furnish the winner of the Cesarewitch. The fact of having spotted a first and a third out of such a field, and, moreover, a first and a third to which the market did not point, but which, on the contrary, the market steadily ignored—for Adamite and Westbourne were alone considered to be in it when the curtain rose—is an achievement which well deserves a word of congratulation, and I congratulate "Skylark" accordingly.

HERE is an excellent idea on the manufacture and working of decoy ducks, which, so far as I know, has never been used in this country. Nothing more ingenious of the kind has been discovered. The apparatus consists of a canvas bag that will hold ten pounds of sand (to be put in on the shooting ground), a cord thirty yards long, and a pulley-block. The pulley-block is attached to the bag at its mouth, the cord is run through the pulley-block, and by means of a screw eye is attached under the breast of the decoy. The bag is filled with sand or stones, and dropped wherever one wants to shoot. The end of the cord is then taken to the blind, and when ducks are approaching on the wing or alight on the water out of gun shot, the cord is pulled and the decoy dives in perfect resemblance of a living bird. The ducks, seeing it diving as if feeding, suspect no danger, and come in without hesitation. On a calm day, when the water is unruffled, the diving decoy is especially effective, as it agitates the water and can be seen diving and rising from a long distance. A correspondent of an excellent American journal, *Forest and Stream*, sends this clever recipe.

A CUNNING appreciation of the niceties of handicapping was shown in the advice of a boy to a youngster who had been robbing the late Mr. John Warde's orchard. On a level road the very stout and very irate owner of the apples might have caught the interloper, and the young robber's friend saw this. "Turn up hill, Jack!" he shouted to the youth pursued; up hill weight began to tell on the pursuer, and he gave up the chase. The incident reminds one of the story of the clergyman who, seeing a well-contested race between two children barely won by a little girl, gave her the church door key to carry, and on running again the extra weight just brought them together.

THE President of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club writes to the papers to give some hints for the guidance of horsemen, which would be all very well if those who were riding or driving along the road were never in a hurry, and could always devote themselves for a space to the benefit of their bicycling fellow creatures. The President rather upsets his arguments at the beginning by saying that horses, far from objecting to bicycles, rather like them than otherwise. Some horses may do so, but scarcely as a rule, according to my experience. If, therefore, you should be on an animal whose affections are ill-regulated, the rider should "turn his horse round and ask the best rider of the bicycle to come up slowly, and at the same time to converse with him—as the sound of the human voice is everything to the horse. The bicyclist, still talking to the driver, should then ride gently past, but not too near the horse, the driver again turning the horse's head aside, if necessary, as the bicyclist passes. When the bicyclist has got well by, let the driver follow him for a hundred yards or so, as near as the horse will go without any undue urging, still keeping up the conversation. This plan will be found in most cases quite sufficient, and the horse will pass the next bicycle quietly enough." Sometimes he will, but there are horses which have an invincible dislike to bicycles. I know a much simpler rule for preventing accidents when riding a horse along a road and meeting a bicycle. Sit tight.

THE *American Musical Times* tells a story I have not heard before of a wedding party where all the guests in turn were called on to give a specimen of their talents. A famous soprano sang, a famous pianist played, a great danseuse gave a *minuet de la cour*, a painter sketched the scene. "Now, Doctor, it is your turn!" was the cry. "A song from the Doctor!" "No, no," he answered, "singing is not my profession. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bleed the bridegroom and examine the bride with my stethoscope!"

It need scarcely be said that they have lately been having a six days go-as-you-please competition in New York, because that is one of the latest popular phases of "sport" in America, and, unfortunately—for it serves no good end—here also. Mr. Bandmann is also in New York at present, and with that artistic feeling which even influences him, between the acts of *Hamlet*, or whatever the play may be, he reads out the latest record of the competing pedestrians. Fancy Mr. Irving—but, no don't, the idea is too wicked—fancy even Mr. Barry Sullivan coming before the curtain in the costume of the play and detailing the records of perspiring pedestrians!

CALCULATED up to October 3rd, the figures made by the leading jockeys are as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Total.
Archer, F.	156	273	429
Wood, C.	65	285	350
Cannon, T.	60	181	241
Luke, H.	50	216	266
Fordham, G.	41	133	174
Fagan, J.	41	170	211
Constable, H.	40	141	181
Osborne, J.	39	112	151
Goater, J.	37	150	187
Greaves, J.	37	137	174
Morgan, H.	32	182	214
Snowden, J.	30	136	166
Gallon, J.	27	128	155
Lemaire, D.	26	180	206

Archer's supremacy is thus unmistakable. He has been successful in more than one race out of every three in which he has ridden, though it must be remembered his employers have been the best men on the turf. The fact of his riding may have something to do with the favouritism of a horse, but only goes a little way to account for the circumstance that he is so very frequently on the favourite. Truly nothing succeeds like success. After Archer, as regards the question of averages, comes Osborne. He also has ridden more than one winner out of every three races for which he has started; and then comes Cannon, whose average of one in three is only topped by a single unit. Fordham is a little further behind, but only a little. His figures show that the same average—one in three—would

have held good had he ridden ten fewer races than he has. These are splendid figures. Greaves's average is very good, and, as he can ride a very light weight, he has a coming appearance.

THE custom adopted by some people, whose house was robbed by a man who has since tried honesty and published an autobiography in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is particularly ingenious. "We went one day," the thief says, "to Erith. I went in a place, and when I opened a door there was a great tike (dog) laying in front of the door, so I pulled out a piece of pudding (liver prepared to silence dogs) and threw it to him, but he did not move. So I threw a piece more, and it did not take any notice; so I got close up to it and I found it was a dead dog been stuffed, so I done the place for some wedge and three overcoats." Seeing a big dog would probably have induced the great majority of such uninvited visitors to decamp as quickly as possible.

HAVING an active correspondence with Russia must be a somewhat perplexing and annoying thing if there are many postmen like the one whose story is related in the *Golos*:—"Towards the end of 1878 and the beginning of 1879 frequent complaints were made to the chief postal authorities in St. Petersburg of letters, &c., not having reached their destinations, and inquiry being made, a letter-carrier, named Alexeyeff, was arrested on suspicion. In his lodgings were found, among other things, about 220 opened letters, with over thirty money orders, in consequence of which he was brought to trial. It was proved that he had gradually stolen a large sum of money, which he did not deny; but he excused himself on the double ground that he was very often drunk and frequently had no time to deliver all the contents of his bag. These pleas must have seemed of overpowering cogency to the minds of the jury, for they pronounced him 'not guilty,' and he was acquitted." It seems a little difficult to know what to do with Mr. Alexeyeff, for the law of his country gives him thus perfect liberty to steal the money from as many letters as he pleases, if he only gets moderately drunk first, and this does not appear to be an unpleasant occupation to him.

I DO not ever remember to have heard on any single occasion the music accompanying the sentimental passages of a play rendered with sufficient softness, and the misdirected vigour of musical conductors is a great mistake and a great pity. When the villain enters in a melodrama, with overhanging eyebrows and bucket boots, and a scowl which is chronic except when for a moment it changes to a malicious grin, it is not out of place for the trombones to do their worst, and even a rumble on the drum is admissible. But in less conventional scenes, where tender passages occur, there is music also, and this is invariably a very great deal too loud. Music on these occasions should not be obtrusive and divert the attention of the spectators from the scene. They should, in fact, be unconscious that the band is playing at all; if it becomes too prominent it destroys instead of aiding the illusion, and, as a matter of fact, it always does become too prominent. No band at all would be infinitely better than too much band, and managers would do well to see to this constant fault. I am not sure, by the way, that in this sweeping condemnation I should include Mr. Irving's leader, who seems to have a special feeling for his work. If he be an exception, he is the only one I can remember in London or the provinces during many years of active playgoing.

RAPIER.

SPORTING SKETCHES.

MY FIRST RACE.

FRED BANNISTER and myself used to live near to each other at home, and many a scrape we got into together. On one occasion Fred nearly blew my head off with a large horse-pistol with which he used, having loaded it with a large charge of snipe shot, to go out hedge-popping, while another day I nearly brought him to an untimely end by upsetting him in the middle of the river on which we had embarked, for want of better crafts, in two large washtubs. However, somehow we managed to live through it all, and now occasionally meet and have a chat over old days. The last time I saw Fred he was going to ride one of his horses in a steeplechase, and though I knew he was passionately fond of hunting, I was surprised to find that he had taken to the silk. When I expressed my astonishment, he said, "It's all very well, old man, for you to talk, but it is your fault. I never should have taken to steeplechasing if it had not been for you." "What on earth do you mean by my fault?" I asked. "Don't you remember our first race when we matched our respective ponies?" continued he. "What busters we did come, and you beat me on the post, or at least your pony did, for I cannot say you helped him much. Well, that was my first race, and since then I have ridden many a one, but never enjoyed anything like that scurry. By Jove! what fun it was." Here another old chum broke in and asked us to tell him the yarn, which I agreed to do after dinner, over our coffee and cigars. Accordingly on the appearance of the beverage I was held to my bargain, and as he seemed amused I venture to repeat the story.

It was one morning, when we were out about five a.m. on a fishing expedition in some preserved water belonging to a neighbouring squire, who had refused over and over again our repeated applications for a "day," that Fred informed me that his governor had promised him a pony on his birthday—the following week—and he was inclined on the strength of it to give himself airs, and lord it over me. What he was not going to do with the animal, I don't know. He said he would cut the whole field down, and had vague ideas of going out with the horse-pistol, and making old Farmer Styles "stand and deliver" as he came from market—which, by the way, would have been a difficult feat, for, although he might deliver, it was 100 to 1 against his standing, as he was always as drunk as a lord on those occasions. Further conversation on the subject of the steed was interrupted by the appearance of Velvetens and the Water-bailiff in the distance, and we were forced to leave our baskets—by this time fairly stocked with fish—over our shoulders, and unjointing our rods as we went, to make speedy tracks, followed by the two, who caught sight of us as we topped the fence. However, we had a good start, and were soon out of jurisdiction; so, sitting down by the riverside, we made as

if we had been fishing there all the morning. Velvetens came as far as the boundary fence, and, though sorely suspicious, could not swear to us, and had to haul off. Not that I believe he would have taken us if he had come up with us, for, after that day, many a bright half-crown found its way into his pockets, and many a bright fish into our baskets. But this is straying away from the pony. Well, when I got home I immediately put it to my male parent whether it was a right and proper thing for Fred to have a pony to ride while I was constrained to walk and look on with envy. After some persuasion I induced him to buy me one also, and in a state of wild delight I retired to practice equitation on the chairs in the study.

Four days afterwards my pony came home, and a rare-shaped one he was—about 13h. 3in., dark bay, with no speck of white about him, and as strong as a house. He put me down about six times the first day I got on in the field in front of the house, but I did not mind that. All this time I had said nothing to Fred, and the next time I met him, with a patronising air he invited me to see his new nag, and I went. It was a chesnut—not, in my opinion, so good-looking as mine, but still an animal, "take him for all in all," with some claims to consideration. Fred said, with the lofty air of proprietorship, "Some day I will let you ride it down the road." "Thanks," I replied, "but I do not want to; I will have one of my own, and I will race yours for all my pocket-money (amount one sov) over two miles of fair hunting country." You see even at that early age I had got an idea of the racing terms. "Right," said Fred. "When you have a pony, I will do it." "I will make the match in a fortnight," said I; "I am sure my father will give me one now you have got one." "I will tell you what I will do," replied Fred, who thought he saw his way to my sovereignty; "I will race you this day three weeks—my pony against yours—and if you have not one you must give me your sov" (a fair idea of p.p. in one so young!) "Done, a bet!" cried I. "I have a pony, come and see it," which was somewhat of a sell for my lord. However, he professed delight, and we each set to work to train; under the auspices of our respective grooms. Every morning and evening I was to be seen flying over some artificial jumps that Tom the groom had erected. Sometimes I flew over by myself, sometimes with the pony; sometimes we got half-way over together, and then on landing he went one way, while I took another direction. By the end of the week I was a mass of bruises, but had learnt how to stick on, and the second week saw me (in my own estimation) a finished horseman.

Fred had been going through a very similar preparation, and there was not much to choose between the pair of us. Of course we had kept it dark from our respective governors, though I believe they knew all about it, for at the finish of the race they were both standing by the winning-post, and did not look so very much shocked. Naturally it got about in the village that the two young gents was going to ride a race, and the bar of the Bull and Horns was the scene of many a friendly bet (this was before the legislation ament betting was so strict). Tom confided to me that he had got 10s. on me, and that we were pretty equal favourites. The day before the race the course was marked out by Tom, and Fred's man, George, and we went down to look at it. The landlord of the Bull and Horns had promised to officiate as judge, and an old sporting farmer consented to act as starter. The finish was down a long straight field over two hurdles, past a small hillock on the top of which was the Grand Stand (three forms). The judge stood at the foot, and opposite him was a black board, borrowed from the school, with a chalk-line down the centre. There was one small water jump and about nine other obstacles. The race was to come off at four o'clock, and as Fred and self rode on to the ground we were astonished to see all the village gathered together, some at the water-jump, and some at the "Grand Stand." After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour everything was ready, and we were marshalled at the post. Fred for colours had a blue flannel shirt and a cricketer's cap, blue and black, while I donned the same apparel, only white. Presently Farmer Styles up and spoke, "Gents, are you ready?"—on receiving an answer in the affirmative—"Go on"—and away we went. The first fence was a hedge with a ditch on the other side, and my pony landing with his hind legs in it compelled me to dismount with rapidity, a descent which was enlivened by hearing Fred roar with laughter as he pursued the (un)even tenor of his way. However, the next obstacle disposed of him, and so it went on, first one down and then the other until we came to the water into which we both flopped. I was out first, and with my beauteous white garments a mass of mud and duck-weed I made play about three lengths in advance. After successfully negotiating the hurdles in the straight I thought it time to show off, and began to finish in a manner which would have made some of our leading jockeys stare—a proceeding which seemed to astonish my gallant steed not a little; and Fred, equally excited, began to come up to me fast. In one of my wild flourishes I got the near side rein over my pony's head, and finished the race with all the leading strings on the off-side. Down the straight we came whooping and halloaing like two maniacs, and with a yell I landed my little nag a winner by about a length, much to the delight of Tom and some of my backers. It was at this moment I perceived our respective parents convulsed with laughter; and though they attempted a lecture, the sense of the ludicrous was too much for them, and I found out after many years that there had been a little matter of five pounds "on" between, each backing his own hope of the family. Thus ended my first race, and I am proud to say Fred paid me a sov, though I believe most of it went in sweets, such as the soul of boyhood delighteth in, which of course were shared in equal parts, while with the remainder we purchased ammunition for the winter campaign against the "field fares" and water hens, our battery still consisting of the old horse-pistol.

BAGATELLE.

At the Milton Hall, Kentish Town, Mr. Alfred Balfour last week produced a special entertainment which was most successful. The musical portions were under the direction of Mr. Ernest J. Symons and Mr. T. A. Upton. Several well-known artists assisted.

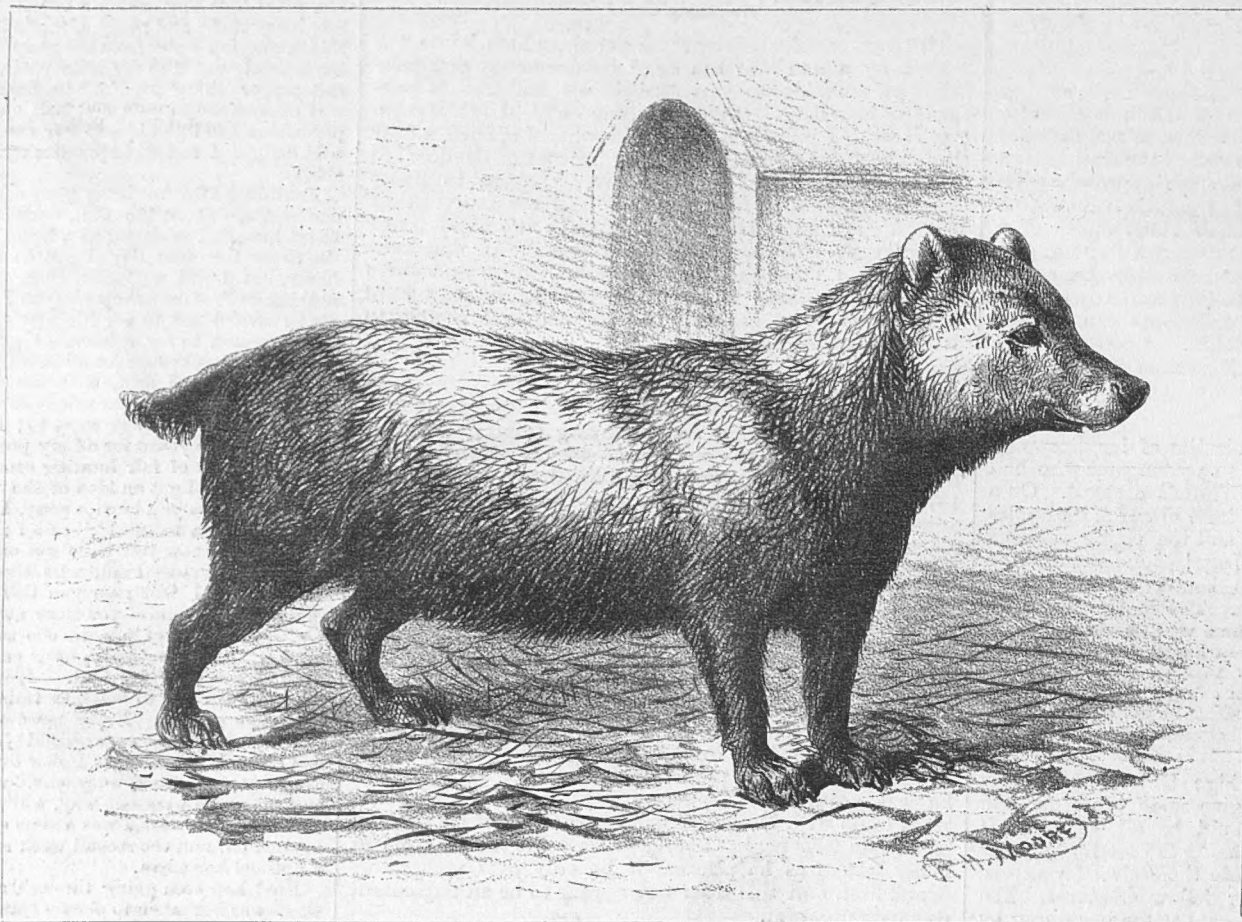
MR. T. WEMYSS REID, the author of the "Monograph" on Charlotte Brontë, which passed through several editions a few years ago, and the editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, has written a series of critical sketches of living statesmen, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, under the title of "Politicians of To-day." Mr. Reid has paid special attention to some of the younger men of both parties in the House of Commons, and has, we understand, obtained a considerable part of his information from special and authoritative sources.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.—A special meeting of the above society was held on Wednesday last, when the rules of the society were adopted and new members enrolled. It having been notified by the committee that fish should be weighed in on this day, one member, Mr. R. Forbes, produced a good catch, comprising two jack, 8lb 9oz, a fine chub 4lb (this has been placed in the hands of Mr. R. Eden for preservation), 59 roach, 26lb 10oz, 12 being very fine, weighing alone 9lb—thus the total shown was 39lb 3oz, taken from the Thames.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN ON THE DRAMA.

At the Social Science Congress, which has been sitting at Manchester, Mr. Hermann Vezin read a paper on the drama, the greater portion of which we have pleasure in publishing. The popular actor said:—In the course of human progress a new idea begins to grow slowly, gradually gathers strength, while being passed in whispers from ear to ear, until some man, bolder than his fellows, cries it aloud in the market-place. For a moment the world is startled, but if the idea be good and true quickly assimilates it, and goes on its way refreshed and strengthened. An illustration of this may be seen in the change of attitude of the Church towards the stage during the last 200 or 300 years. I say the Church, because the Church is the one sole cause and origin of all the persecution to which actors have been subjected. There was a time when it refused Christian burial to actors. There was a preacher in Scotland once who declared that the theatre was literally the pit of hell, and that the Devil and his imps held high revelry there; and as there are thousands who will receive for truth whatever they may hear from the pulpit, so his congregation proved their faith in him by burning to the ground the only theatre they could get at. The incendiarism was not only wicked but stupid; for a little fire more or less would not have inconvenienced the supposed occupants of the house. Even in our own time congregations have been warned never to enter a theatre; accidents in theatres, through which many lives have been lost, have been pointed out as manifestations of Divine wrath; a strange connection has been suggested between the facts of the centre of London containing the largest number of theatres and also the largest number of what are called the haunts of vice. No conclusion, however, was drawn from the fact that the same district contained also the largest number of churches. It is, indeed, refreshing to turn from such exhibitions of ignorance to the utterances of the more enlightened preachers of the present day. What strikes one most in this prejudice against the stage is not its wickedness, but its utter foolishness. The theatre is neither moral nor immoral. For want of a better word, let us call it neutral. The dramatic art conveys a play to an audience, "that play" may be moral or immoral; but, if immoral, is, therefore, the dramatic art to be abolished? Admit such an argument, and what shall we have left? Some naughty boy says "damn"; abolish the art of speech! A wicked correspondence is being carried on; down with the post-office and telegraph! An artist paints an indecent picture; let no man paint again on pain of death! To call the theatre immoral is as logical as to call the telegraph wire immoral. It is a means of expression, and the strongest we have.

As to the plays of the present day, it certainly does not appear that any serious charge could be upheld against their moral tone. In fact, no immoral play could be successful in a moral age. Besides, the very publicity of stage representation will always prevent the worst play from being as bad as the worst book, or the worst anything which can be studied in the privacy of one's chamber. As to the players, it has always appeared to me a piece of unpardonable impertinence to discuss their private character. The public interest in the actor should be confined to his performance on the stage.



THE "BUSH" DOG AT THE "ZOO."



PREPARATION.

Not that actors need fear comparison with any other class. They are as good and as bad, for they are members of the same human family. But even if they were worse than their fellow-men, it would have to be proved that they are so because of their calling. Let me say, then, that what the stage wants is not reform, but free development. A child whose growth is stunted by insufficient and unwholesome food, air, and by cruelty does not want to be re-created; he wants free scope allowed to his natural development by plenty of food and air, and by kindness. This is just what we want. Let young preachers undo the evil done by the preachers of the past; let them teach their congregations to respect the actor's art as they do the painter's or the musician's; let them familiarise their flocks with the works of the best dramatic authors; let them wash out of their brains the notion that anything unworthy necessarily attaches to the theatre and its belongings; let them go to the theatre themselves, and speak of it as they find it. Many managers are, unfortunately, actuated solely by the desire to make money. The shilling of the vulgar is exactly of the same value as the shilling of the cultured, and as there are so many more of the former, why should the manager cater for the few and not for the many? Let education equalise the numbers, and the same mercenary motive will cause the production of higher-class play. Let us have justice and freedom from attack, and let the education of the masses raise their intelligence—that is all we ask from the outside world. The rest we can, and will in time, do ourselves. The great difficulty is to find a sufficient number of competent managers. There are plenty of them who are tradesmen, and whose only object is to make money; but although I would not have a manager lose sight of his pecuniary interests, I think he should make the interests of his art his first consideration. To judge of a play or an actor solely by the amount of money either draws is as unjust as it is unwise. The public must often be given time to discover merits which may not prove attractive at the first glance. Let me give an instance. Some 41 years ago there appeared at the Théâtre Français a girl of 19. She played some half-a-dozen classical parts in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. It was in July and August, and the receipts of the house averaged £15 or £20. Now, had this occurred in London, at a theatre managed on the money-making principle, this young lady would have been politely bowed out, and, perhaps, never have been heard of again. But at the Français they do make "art" their first consideration, and this girl continued acting into the cooler weather, the result being that by November the theatre couldn't hold the people who crowded to see her. The name of the transcendent genius was Rachel. We have no Rachels now, but I could mention some of our best performers who were neglected for years by managers too ignorant or indolent to discover a talent which accident at last brought forth. As to new dramatic authors, their case is just as bad. One of our most admired dramatists was discovered by an actor of good position, who tried for eight years, in vain, to procure him a hearing. An accident at last led to the production of one of his comedies, and he flashed into fame. There are managers who do all that can possibly be required of them; but their power is limited to the very few

theatres under their control, and it is too much to ask one man to run such risks as the course I have pointed out would entail. A carefully-produced play will sometimes bring with it a loss of £3,000 and upwards. The dread of such a prospect is enough to blind one's judgment in the choice of plays and players. But I am convinced that a plan could be devised by which a number of the best actors and actresses might co-operate to establish a theatre which should have all the advantages and merits of the Théâtre Français, and should also be a source of profit to its members, without the aid of State subvention or outside subscriptions. Such a plan, however, would have to be worked out by those who have a thorough and special knowledge of the stage, i.e., by actors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Being in town last week, I paid a visit to the Globe Theatre to see *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and, according to my wont, chose the pit for my site of observation. The first act had barely commenced before I became unpleasantly aware of a most disagreeable odour, rising apparently from the floor. Thinking that probably it was caused by a door being left open of one of the passages, I did not at first take much notice of it; but as it continued to become worse, and at more frequent intervals, I inquired the cause, and was told that it originated from the underground sewer beneath the theatre. The stench eventually became so intolerable that I had to beat a retreat, and on complaining to an attendant outside, he said that he knew of the nuisance, and I had better complain at the ticket office, which I did, but without eliciting any comment.

Not wishing to go away without seeing the piece, I was compelled to take seats for myself and friend in the stalls, where, at least, we could breathe a little more freely. I ask, sir, whether this is as it should be, and if it be not the duty of the management to see that the occupants of the humble pit shall, at any rate, be able to sit in comfort without being nearly stifled from the foul exhalations of sewer gas? The complaints of many besides myself were frequent during the time I was present, and several expressed their determination to leave rather than be poisoned with the noxious vapours surrounding them. As the nuisance seemed generally known to the attendants, I conclude that the management also know of it, and I think, from a sanitary point of view, if not for the comfort of those who frequent this favourite part of the house, that the defect should be remedied.—I am, &c., SANITAS. Lewes, Oct., 1879.

nothing to fear, but the instant they do wrong they punish themselves. Any harness maker in New York would furnish the former at a small cost, while I think D. C. Cauleton, Third Avenue, New York, has a patent on the latter or "Upper Jaw" bit, and retails it for 5 dols. Either would certainly be worth a trial by anyone owning an unpleasant driver. To completely break a kicker in harness, I have successfully tried the following very simple apparatus. Drive with an ordinary snaffle or bar bit. Attach to the rings of a small bar bit, about the size of a lead pencil, the two ends of a narrow strap, which are joined together not more than a foot from the bit; a sliding loop can be used if necessary to hold the bit in place just over the driving bit. Carry this strap over the poll, passing it through a loop at the top of the bridle, down the neck, under the saddle and backstrap to near the crupper, where it is again separated into two parts and carried to near the ends of the cross bar, or in an English carriage to the joint in the thill. A short cross strap should be used to hold the straps in place, so that when the horse raises his hind quarter, they receive the pres-

of even the worst kind of a kicker, although it is never safe to wholly discard it in some. When properly attached, the driver has simply to sit quietly, and let the horse find out all its virtues, after which he will rarely test its merits. By using the head portion of this rig, and fastening it tightly to the saddle, a buck jumper is powerless to do any mischief. Trusting that some of your readers may make useful animals out of vicious ones by the application of the above-described device,—I remain, yours sincerely,
D.
Villa Subilloni Bellagio, Lake of Como, Italy, Oct. 1st.

SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.

At a meeting of the Church and Stage Guild, held on Tuesday at the offices of the English Church Union, Wellington-street, Strand, the large room being crowded by clergymen and members of the theatrical profession, Mr. Davis read a paper on "The Attitude of Society, past and present, towards the Stage," which was much applauded. In

the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Miss Louise Willes (Gaiety Theatre) said she was about to make a remark which might possibly offend her brother and sister professionals. It was this—that looking at the present attitude of society towards the stage, they would agree with her when she said the stage was in a great measure looked upon with disrespect by the public in general, owing to the conduct and example of members of the stage (hear, hear). The stage had itself to thank in a great measure for the disrespect with which it was treated. They forgot—and town actors and actresses especially forgot—that they lived in glass houses. Things done with perfect impunity by ladies not on the stage could not be so done by actresses, who should avoid the least resemblance of wrong. There were certain members of society only anxious to tar them all with the same brush (hear, hear); and it behoved those who had any respect for their art or themselves to behave in a way that would compel the respect of the public (cheers). She knew from her own professional experience that there were many actresses who led very hard lives, very painful lives, very disappointed lives, very self-sacrificing lives, thinking only of those who belonged to them, and fighting strong temptations with a firm heart, feeling there was the same hope for them in the end as there was for any other class (loud cheers). She would say to her young friends around her—"If you find the customs of the theatre not of the best, think of what you lived and learned at home—keep to the true instincts of a woman's heart, and let not the stage mould you to its evil habits" (loud applause).—Miss Rose (Gaiety Theatre) said (she wished to speak a few words about the frequenters of the stage doors of theatres. Several men of high



A MARRIAGE UNDER THE DIRECTORY."

VICE IN HORSES.

SIR,—I read your valuable paper regularly, and have been especially interested in the article descriptive of vice in horses, and of the best methods of treating it. Having had considerable experience with horses in America, I have been simply amazed at the efficacy of what is there known as the "Kimble Jackson" and "Upper Jaw" bits. I have seen scores of horses made perfectly docile and manageable by ladies that had for years been confirmed pullers and luggers. Bolters at once give way to this simple contrivance, and the secret of it lies in a nutshell. When they behave themselves they have

sure, and as they cannot give way at the carriage end, the other end must; therefore up goes the horse's head, being jerked by the small bit upon the tender upper jaw. Care should be taken when the experiment is first tried upon a confirmed kicker to have the strapping so tight that the horse's head is well in the air, for he will kick if possible, and will not give up until he has become quite convinced that it don't pay. This attachment is inexpensive, simple, and not so cumbersome as to offend the eye. With it I have never failed to make a useful animal out

position, noblemen, supposed to be gentlemen, some of them soldiers in the English army, who professed to protect the honour of their country, but not to protect the honour of its women (cheers)—she did not say this of all of them, for no doubt some were really brave—were in the habit of standing at the stage doors; and she contended that they ought not to be allowed to stand there to tempt young girls who were perfectly innocent (loud cheers). She did not speak of those young ladies who possessed luxuries which no woman

on 30s. a week could herself procure. She spoke of young girls who came from respectable families, who were content to allow themselves to be placed in the cornices, and to endeavour to get up to the top of the tree (hear, hear). If girls could only see the conduct of those men who bowed down to them at midnight—who took off their hats and bowed low to them as if they were queens—if they saw how these men jeered at them in the clubs, saying, "Oh, I know that little person," they might keep fairly on their guard. These men ought to be hunted away from the stage-doors, whether or not by force she could not say (loud cries of "By force," and cheers). Some stage-door keepers suggested that dirty water should be thrown on them; but the keeper of the stage-door at her theatre said the use of the fire-hose would be an effective remedy for the nuisance (laughter). Well, all she would say was—let her young friends not believe in the luxuries, but in the talents the Almighty had given them (loud cheers).

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE twenty-fourth season of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts was given on Saturday last, and attracted a large audience. The programme comprised the following selection of music:—Overture, "The Magic Flute" (Mozart); Recit. and Aria, "Non Paventer" ("Zauberflöte") (Mozart), Miss Thursby; Concerto for violin and orchestra (Mendelssohn), violin—Maurice Dengremont (his first appearance in England); Symphony No. 1, in B flat (Op. 38) (Schumann); Song, "The Bird that came in Spring" (Benedict), Miss Thursby; Minuet for Strings (Boccherini); Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Haydn" (Léonard), violin—Maurice Dengremont; "Sylvia" Ballet (Délibes) (first time). August Manns, conductor. It will be seen that the best characteristics of these valuable concerts were preserved. Classical music was represented, and recognition was given to contemporary art. It soon became apparent that the high quality of the band has been maintained, and the orchestral portions of the programme were splendidly executed, under the masterly direction of Mr. August Manns, whose appearance in the orchestra was the signal for round after round of hearty cheering. A finer performance of the Schumann symphony it would be difficult to imagine, and the accompaniments to the violin concerto of Mendelssohn were skillfully and delicately played. In the last-named work the solo violin part was undertaken by Maurice Dengremont, a lad only twelve years old. He has recently acquired great fame in the chief cities of the Continent, and his first appearance in England was awaited with curiosity and interest by English musicians. The great expectations which had been awakened were more than realised, for this wonderful boy proved to be a master of his art, beside whom few of the most eminent amongst living violinists are entitled to stand. He produces a delicious quality of tone; bright, sympathetic, and remarkably powerful. His executive abilities are simply astonishing, and whether in double-stopping, scale passages, harmonics, or arpeggios, he has an absolute command of technique. In his second solo he played with extraordinary skill a passage in which the melody was sung in harmonies, while the accompaniment was played in rapid semi-quaver arpeggios. Every note of the accompaniment was distinctly enunciated, while the melody was eloquently warbled on the high harmonic notes. In the difficult cadenza of the concerto his executive skill was equally remarkable. This cadenza was chiefly composed by the great violinist, Ferdinand David, for whom the concerto was written by his brother-in-law, Mendelssohn, and it is regarded as one of the most difficult of violin passages. The youthful Dengremont played it with consummate taste and skill, and with apparent ease. It is not, however, the technical ability of the boy that gives delight to the listeners so much as the genuine expression, the intellectual refinement, and the sympathetic sentiment exhibited in his playing. He is not that terrible being, a "juvenile prodigy" of the ordinary kind, but a born musical genius, and can hardly fail to reach the highest rank amongst his contemporaries; indeed, there are few of them, even now, by whom he can be surpassed. His delightful performances were received with enthusiastic applause, and at the conclusion of his second solo he was twice recalled to the platform. Maurice Dengremont was born in Brazil, where his father, a Frenchman, married a Brazilian lady. His teacher has been the celebrated Léonard, of the Paris Conservatoire, who may well be proud of such a pupil. Owing to his numerous continental engagements the youthful virtuoso cannot be heard again in England earlier than next year. Directly after the concert on Saturday last he started for Stuttgart, where he was to play on Tuesday last. Let us hope that he will not be overworked, and that time may be allowed him to develop his physical and intellectual faculties, which can hardly become robust if he should be made a slave to the violin. His next appearance in England will be awaited with lively interest.

The ballet music, by Léo Délibes, was the novelty of the concert, and proved worthy of a place in the programme. It is distinctly original in conception, although the orchestration shows the influence of Wagner in several instances. There can be no fault found with this. Everyone must acknowledge that Richard Wagner is a master of instrumentation, and composers may profitably study his orchestral scores. Délibes does not carry any further the "imitation" which has been described as "the sincerest form of flattery," and his music is rhythmical, with plenty of the "full closes" which are abhorred by the Bayreuth defender of "endless melody." The ballet music was warmly applauded, and encourages pleasurable anticipations of further compositions from the same source. Miss Emma Thursby sang the difficult bravura from *Die Zauberflöte* in brilliant style, and her powers of execution were also displayed to great advantage in the cadenza of Sir Julius Benedict's song.

At this afternoon's concert the *Frithjof* symphony of Hoffmann, one of the most prominent among the rising composers of Germany, will be played, and the programme will include other interesting instrumental and vocal works.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

An English version of M. Charles Lecocq's three-act comic opera, *La Petite Mademoiselle*, was presented at the Alhambra Theatre on Monday last, for the first time in this country. The original work was produced a few months ago at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris. The English adaptation is the joint work of Mr. Henry S. Leigh, who has fitted some capital lyrics to the vocal music, and of Mr. Robert Reece, who has furnished the prose dialogue. The latter would have been more acceptable had Mr. Reece refrained from laborious efforts to produce "funny" effects by verbal witticisms and well-worn jokes. The action of the opera is supposed to take place over 200 years ago, and the introduction of the word "Lucifer," for the sake of bringing in the similar sounding phrase "loose of her," is absurdly anachronistic. Defects of this kind are frequent in the dialogue, but when Mr. Reece is content to reproduce the clever libretto of MM. Meilhac and Halévy without painfully elaborated embellishments of his own contrivance, his English version acceptably reflects the original. MM. Meilhac and

Halévy have invented a plot, which, though not very probable, nor perfectly intelligible, is enlivened by a number of diverting incidents.

"La Petite Mademoiselle" is the cognomen of the Countess Camerini (Miss Loseby), a young widow whom the Cardinal Mazarin wishes to force into a marriage with her late husband's brother. She determines to take refuge in Paris, where the leaders of the Fronde are besieged by the army of Louis XIII., and the besiegers have orders to capture her if possible. Assuming the name of a certain Madame Douillet, whose passport she has obtained, she enters the camp of the king's army, and so fascinates the Marquis de Manicamp (Mr. Leslie) that he allows her to pass, but declares that he will follow her into Paris if he should find that she has deceived him as to her identity. Shortly after her escape, he learns that the *soi-disant* Madame Douillet was really the Countess Camerini, and in the second act he is found in Paris, disguised as the servant of the *charentier* Marmaton (Mr. Power). The Countess, for some unexplained reason, does not seek the society of her friends of the Fronde, but acts as servant to the innkeeper Taboureaux (Mr. Paulton) and his wife Jacqueline (Miss Emma Chambers), whose house is opposite to that of Marmaton. The Countess and Marquis meet, and it soon becomes evident that they are in love with each other, but their love-making is stopped by the sounds of strife, the king's army having assaulted the city. The Marquis resumes his uniform, and flies to join his comrades—the besieged Frondeurs no doubt politely opening one of the city gates that he may pass out to join their foes; the city is stormed, the citizens erect a formidable barricade, and amid the discharge of guns the Marquis mounts the obstruction, and presents a tempting mark to his enemies as the curtain falls at the close of the second act. In the third act, the Cardinal's consent to the union of the Marquis and the Countess is obtained, and it is understood that they will marry and "live happy ever afterwards." The underplot is rendered amusing by the conceit and stupidity of Taboureaux and his blind admiration of Boisvillette (Mr. K. Aston), an evident admirer of Mme. Taboureaux, the squabbles between that lady and Marmaton's wife, Madelon (Miss Alice May), and the intrigues of Juvigné (Mr. Kelleher) and other officers of the Marquis de Manicamp's regiment.

The music is not of M. Lecocq's best, and is wanting in the freshness and tunefulness which were conspicuous in his earlier works. It is, nevertheless, bright, gay, and dramatic, and the finale of the second act is admirable. The settext, "Let us all speak low"; the Countess's song, "When I am far away"; Madelon's song, "You run a risk"; the Marquis's song, "I am from country parts"; the duet, "Let the richest of nectar cheer us"; and the chorus, "Fill the goblets up," are amongst the most agreeable numbers in the score, and in these, as in other portions of the opera, the general effect is enhanced by able orchestration.

The performance was excellent. The artists above-named did justice to their rôles, and won well-merited applause. Miss Alice May's finished singing was worthy of special praise, and a conspicuous success was made by Mr. Paulton, who was warmly welcomed back to the Alhambra. The *mise en scène* did great credit to Mr. Charles Morton, and Mr. Jacobi conducted with praiseworthy zeal and ability. The only blemishes in the performance were the song for Boisvillette, introduced in Act 1, and the song for Madelon, introduced in Act 3. They are not to be found in M. Lecocq's score, and certainly were not composed by him, yet the audience were led to suppose that they were listening to an opera entirely composed by M. Lecocq. Interpolations of this kind are not only unjust but impolitic, and tend to destroy confidence in managerial announcements. In the third act a quaintly charming *rigodon*, composed over 200 years ago by Rameau, has been introduced by M. Lecocq himself, with due acknowledgment of Rameau's authorship. It is quite a different matter when—without M. Lecocq's sanction—the works of some anonymous composer are thrust into the score of M. Lecocq's opera, and presented as that gentleman's art-work. *La Petite Mademoiselle* met with a very hearty reception.

M. RIVIÈRE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The promenade concert season of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti closed on Saturday last with the annual benefit concert of those enterprising and liberal managers, who have honourably earned the esteem of the musical public. On Monday last M. Rivière gave the first Promenade Concert of the series which will be given at Covent Garden under his direction, during the five weeks ending Nov. 8. The programme included vocal selections sung by Miss Emma Thursby, Miss Welmi, Mrs. Weldon, and Madame Enriquez, Signor Carrión and Signor Gustave Garcia, a violin solo by the leader of the band, M. Cornelis, a violoncello solo by Mr. Van Biene, a flageolet solo by M. St. Jacome, a xylophone solo by Mr. G. Phillips, and two pianoforte solos admirably played by Miss Bessie Richards. M. Rivière, who was warmly welcomed, conducted as skilfully as ever, and the good qualities of his band of 100 performers, and an efficient choir of 120 voices were favourably displayed in his new "Grand Patriotic March," dedicated to Majors Chard and Bromhead, and entitled "Honour to the Brave." This spirited and effective work was heartily applauded. On Wednesday, Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony, and selection from Wagner's *Rienzi* were announced; on Thursday a new orchestral arrangement by M. Rivière of themes from *Carmen*; on Friday Gounod's *Jeanne d'Arc*. M. Rivière spares no pains to provide attractive novelties, and his efforts have been fully appreciated by large audiences.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's ninth season will commence on Thursday, Nov. 6th, with a performance of *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. Barnby.

The autumn opera season at Her Majesty's Opera will commence on Saturday next, Oct. 18th, with a representation of *Aida*, in which Mme. Marie Roze will sustain the title character.

Mr. Walter Bache will give a pianoforte recital of works by Liszt on the composer's sixty-eighth birthday, Oct. 22nd, at St. James's Hall, assisted by Mr. Santley, who will sing three of Liszt's songs.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have this week been performing with great success at Manchester, and the local journals speak in special praise of Mr. Maas, of whom the *Manchester Guardian* says—"Mr. Joseph Maas is fast becoming recognised as perhaps the finest English-speaking tenor now to be heard. He is in the enjoyment, in all its fullness of beauty, of a voice such as is rarely equalled, still more seldom surpassed." High praise is also given to that fast rising artist Miss Georgina Burns; and the *ensemble* of each performance is warmly commended.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv.]

DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

It may safely be said that there is no theatre in any capital in Europe more artistically and tastefully decorated than is the St. James's, under the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal. Tapestry walls, parquet flooring, carved fireplaces, embossed papers, brass chandeliers, marble tables, old mirrors, walnut dados, pictures in lunettes, opaline gas globes, Indian carpets and oriental rugs of all kinds—such are a few of the features of a scheme of decoration which has been carried out in perfect taste and with lavish expenditure. There is a Renaissance crushroom; there is a buffet so beautifully fitted up and ornamented that thirsty playgoers must feel ashamed to ask for sublimary drinks, and will be heard inquiring for "Two ambrosias and a nectar split," and lastly there is the Foyer, in which, under the care of Mr. C. W. Deschamps, are hung upwards of seventy pictures, contributed by such artists as Watts, Goodall, T. Faed, Alma Tadema, Fildes, Stone, Prinsep, Erskine Nicol, Hamilton Macaulum, F. Barnard, James Macbeth, Aumonier, Fortuny, Fantin, Corot, and Du Maurier. Inside, the theatre has been completely re-decorated, also in admirable taste, while the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the audience have been most carefully studied. A new act drop has been painted by Mr. John O'Connor, a capital copy of Turner's masterpiece, "Crossing the Brook"; the footlights are of a novel design, and the orchestra is adorned with pictures on the panels behind it, by Mr. Macbeth. Nothing, in fact, that taste and artistic skill could devise has been omitted to make the St. James's the most sumptuous and magnificent theatre yet erected in this country, and it is well worth a visit, quite apart from the theatrical entertainments offered within its walls.

The programme for the opening night commenced with Mr. Val Prinsep's comedieta, *Monsieur le Duc*, which had already been favourably received by provincial audiences. The story is a simple one. The Duke de Richelieu and his libertine companions are in a gambling-house, when a friend introduces the Count de la Roque, a young nobleman from the country, who is foolish enough to believe in female virtue, and with whom the Duke has a discussion on that very fertile subject, avowing, with charming cynicism, that he himself does not believe in it at all. To test the matter, Richelieu tells the Count that a young orphan lady of good birth has been confided by her mother to his care, that she is coming to the house directly, and he makes a large bet that in ten minutes he will overcome her scruples and make her remain to sup with him and his dissolute companions. The girl is announced, the others retire, and the Duke proceeds to prosecute his evil designs when he finds to his horror that the girl he would have ruined is none other than his own daughter. On making this known to his companions they sneer, and decline to believe him, while the young Count, who turns out to be the girl's lover, draws his sword upon the Duke in indignation at what he believes to be an infamous lie to gain possession of her. The girl herself, however, produces a letter which sets all suspicion at rest, and the story ends with a reconciliation. It cannot be said that the plot is an inviting one; it has, indeed, a pronounced French flavour about it which is decidedly unpleasant, but it is neatly worked out. The dialogue, too, which in a piece of this kind ought to be polished up to the highest possible degree of brilliancy, is rather bald, and the all-conquering Duke boasts of his *bonnes fortunes* in language remarkably free from epigram. Mr. Hare played the Duke neatly and with many artistic touches, and was marvellously dressed in a white satin coat lined with gold padded silk. Mr. Terriss gave an adequate presentation of the Count, and Miss Grahame did all that was possible with the part of the young girl, while other characters were satisfactorily sustained. The little piece was put on the stage with remarkable care and completeness, and was well received, Mr. Prinsep bowing in response to a hearty call at the conclusion.

We have so recently noticed *The Queen's Shilling*, which was produced at a matinee at the Court last season, that we need not recapitulate the plot of Mr. Godfrey's pleasant adaptation of *Le Fils de Famille*, which has done duty also on the English stage as *The Lancers* and *The Discarded Son*. It will be sufficient to say that Mr. Hare's picture of Colonel Daunt, the peppery but, at the same time, chivalrous old officer, is as perfect as ever, and there is no finer impersonation in his admirable gallery of old men. Mr. Kendal plays with power as young Maitland, and the contrast between the comedy tone of the second act and the serious acting of the third is very cleverly managed. Mr. Terriss does what Jack Gambier has to do very well, and Mr. Macintosh makes a capital bit of low comedy out of the part of the soldier, Sam. Mrs. Kendal is provided with a part that thoroughly suits her, and comedy was never interpreted with more brilliance and piquancy than in her scene in the second act with Mr. Kendal. She shows real feeling, too, in the last act, and the entire impersonation is marked by high artistic qualities which hold the audience from her first entrance to the end of the play. Miss Kate Phillips was a capital maid of the inn, and her indignant exclamation that she was not an honest woman made to save Maitland from his fate, caused a roar of applause. Mrs. Gaston Murray was the Colonel's military sister, and played very humorously. The comedy went exceedingly well, and frequent calls were the order of the evening. Between the two pieces "God Save the Queen" was sung by the whole company, Mr. Santley kindly contributing the solos in his best style, and the audience standing, as in duty bound. The popular singer was warmly recalled afterwards and loudly applauded. The theatre was filled from floor to ceiling with a brilliant audience, and for those who had the good fortune to assist at it, the opening night of the Hare and Kendal management will always remain one of their most interesting theatrical reminiscences. It needs only to be added that we cordially wish those gentlemen every success in their new venture, and trust that the St. James's will henceforward be one of the popular theatres in London.

"LU-LU," AT THE AQUARIUM.

When the conquerors in the Olympic games gathered together Prytanæum at the termination of the various contests they would no doubt discuss the prowess of the winners and toast them in flowing bumpers. But if, while they were praising some youth say from Argos or Athens who had worsted all comers in the Stadium, an old seer had risen and prophesied that in a distant country, unknown to the whole company, and, indeed, far beyond the *orbis veteribus notis* of our school-books, a gymnast should arise who would put to shame all the greatest feats of the men of Greece, it is pretty certain that the said old seer would have obtained no more credence than Cassandra, and would possibly have been despitely used. What the Greeks would have said if they could have seen Lu-Lu may, then, be left to fancy; certain it is that his performance is a very wonderful one. Starting from a small platform, he waits till the trapeze near him is swinging exactly at the same rate of speed as the other, and then launches himself at it, turns, and catches the other, going right across the hall, and then comes back the same way. He did not always catch the second

trapeze, on account of the irregularities of the swing, and when he missed it he went down into the wire netting, from which he bounced up like an India-rubber ball, turned a summersault, and then went to the trapeze again. The so-called act of flying is a very curious performance. The athlete ascends a ladder at one end of the hall and reaches a sloping surface over the gallery, and on the upper end of that plane he lies down. Then, with a sudden motion the sloping surface shoots the gymnast forward, and he is flung right out into the air as if from a catapult, going a considerable distance, and finally falling from a great height into the netting. Lu-Lu's performance was quite successful, and was loudly applauded by a large audience.

GRECIAN THEATRE.

MR. T. G. CLARK seems determined to cater liberally for his patrons at the Grecian Theatre, for he has produced two new dramas simultaneously. The first bears the suggestive title of *The Mesmerist; or, Not so Black as He's Painted*, the result of collaboration between Mr. George Conquest and Mr. H. Robinson. The Mesmerist, who also goes by the pleasing sobriquet of "Satan," is certainly by no means so black as he is painted; for the action of the piece turns on his endeavours to save Marie Mayeur, an Alsatian maiden, from the clutches of a libertine. This *roué* is married, and, strange to say, he has espoused another, but an illegitimate, daughter of Farmer Mayeur's. In the course of the piece the *roué* stabs his wife for denouncing Marie, and the latter being the only person found with the corpse is naturally accused of the murder. She is, moreover, condemned to death, and then a still greater surprise is in store for us. We are shown the square of the Cathedral, with a real guillotine. The heroine, Marie, is brought out in solemn procession, and, although she protests her innocence, she is strapped to the fatal plank, and absolutely guillotined before the eyes of the audience. We confess that our breath was so taken away by this bold piece of stage realism that we hardly knew what happened next. But still greater wonders were in store for us. Just as the heroine is guillotined the Mesmerist makes his appearance, throws his cloak over the decapitated heroine, and behold Marie Mayeur stands before us a blooming maiden of Alsace as we saw her in the first act. It then turns out that our feelings have been thus cruelly harassed upon false pretences, for the last three acts have been nothing but a dream contrived by that artful Mesmerist to show Marie what would happen to her if she yielded to the advances of the libertine. In the end our friend "Satan" marries the young woman to her sweetheart, Victor, and thus the piece has a happy dénouement. It was well acted, notably by Messrs. Dobell, James, and Vincent; while Miss Mabel Verner made a pleasing heroine. The scenery and stage arrangements generally were exceedingly effective, and *The Mesmerist* seemed very much to the taste of the audience. The shorter piece, *Honours*, which followed, takes us to the days of Charles II., and may also be pronounced a success.

GAITY THEATRE.

MR. BYRON is now appearing at the Gaiety in his own comedy of *The English Gentleman; or, the Squire's Last Shilling*, originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre in the spring of 1871. The plot is a very conventional one, but the play, nevertheless, has some good points. Charles Chuckles, the Squire (the name, by the way, is somewhat too farcical), gives up his estates on the production to him of a forged will, and goes out into the world to face poverty in the cheeriest manner imaginable. In the end, of course, the genial Charles gets his own again, like the monarch of that name, and the scene in which he coolly reads the real will on the floor, after his tussle with his scheming steward, Brandon, called forth much laughter and applause. Mr. Byron has no rival in the art of delivering caustic speeches and dry witticisms neatly and incisively. His acting is occasionally perhaps too quiet and self-contained, as, for example, in the last act of this piece, but there is a distinct flavour of originality about the author-actor's histrionic method, which is very welcome in days when such a characteristic is by no means common. Mr. Byron was well supported. Mr. Beveridge played the cousin, Gresham, his original character, forcibly and well, and Mr. Macklin showed to advantage in the part of the steward—by no means an easy character to act. Mr. Elton was admirable as the miser, and Mr. Soutar amused the audience as the old farmer. Miss Louise Mills played Rachel, her original part, very pleasantly; Mrs. Leigh is always to be relied upon for sound acting; and Miss Wadman confirmed the favourable opinion we have often expressed of her in the part of Malvina. The comedy was a complete success, and will be repeated until further notice.

A NEW comedy by Mr. Byron, entitled *Courtship*, will be produced at the Court next Thursday.

The Man of the World will be given at a morning performance at the Olympic this afternoon (Saturday).

DR. CARVER is now giving his wonderful performances at the Canterbury before enthusiastic audiences.

It is proposed to manage the Garrick Theatre by means of a limited company.

Hamlet will be played at the Lyceum next Wednesday, when Miss Ellen Terry will make a welcome reappearance.

THERE will be morning performances of *The Iron Chest* on October 18th and 25th.

A NEW comedy in one act, entitled *A Clerical Error*, in which Mr. Anson and Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear, will be produced at the Court Theatre on Monday.

The Great Casimir, which has been taken out of the evening programme at the Gaiety, will be played at a *matinée* at that theatre this afternoon (Saturday).

MR. CHARLES COLLETTE is going to play a starring engagement at Aberdeen in *Love Wins*, by Messrs. Savile Clarke and De Terreaux, and his patter farce, *Cryptochonchoidsyphonostomata*.

A NEW comedy by Mr. Boucicault has been privately played at the Marylebone Theatre. *Rescued* was brought out here in the same way in order to secure the copyright here and in America. If the comedy is no better than the drama there is no occasion to make all this mysterious fuss about it, more especially as the piece, which is called *Contempt of Court*, turns out to be simply a version of *Le Reveillon*, familiar to English playgoers as *Committed for Trial*.

THE Wilts and Somerset Dog Show, which is under the patronage of Prince Leopold, was opened on Wednesday. There were about 300 entries. The bloodhounds, retrievers, fox terriers, spaniels, pointers, and harriers were exceptionally good.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.—The proposed exhibition of guns and sporting implements.—The committee of management met at the offices of the secretary (Mr. G. Beech), Temple Row, Birmingham, on Monday. A considerable number of communications of a very satisfactory character were read, and it was resolved to hold the exhibition this year. Plans are in course of preparation, and the exhibition will be advertised in a few days. Space being limited, intending exhibitors should make early application.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

FOR class, the autumn meeting of the London A.C. at Stamford Bridge, last Saturday, stands first of the year. This, however, was owing to the exceptionally good performance of Lockton, who won the 100 Yards Challenge Cup in 10 1-5sec, and the 120 Yards Handicap in 12sec, thus placing himself on equal terms with that fine amateur sprinter, L. Junker. Good man and true as the Old Merchant Taylors' boy has proved himself, however, I am still of an opinion that the Russian would have beaten him in a match at either distance. The open handicaps were not over flattering to those who framed them, and I am at a loss to discover on what form J. H. Wrenn and H. W. Crosse were entitled to the starts they received; but, perhaps, no two victories were better received than those of the veteran C. Mason and Hazen-Wood in the Ten Miles and Half-Mile Challenge Cups. Being a meeting of considerable importance, I give the placed men in each event, the times appended being those taken by "Bob" Rogers, the official "clocker." 100 Yards Challenge Cup: C. L. Lockton, 1; H. Allan, 2; won by 3 yards; time, 10 1-5sec. Ten Miles Challenge Cup: C. H. Mason, 1; P. H. Stenning did not finish, and Mason was allowed to stop at five miles; time, 27min 36sec. 120 Yards Open Handicap (starts by F. T. Elborough): C. L. Lockton, scratch, 1; C. H. Coke, 9 yards, 2; J. M. Cowie, 2 yards, 3; won by six inches, the same between second and third; time, 12sec. (What a good thing some recent handicaps must have been for the third man!) 250 Yards Open Handicap (starts by F. T. Elborough): J. H. Wrenn, introduced, 12 yards, 1; G. Pinnook, L.A.C., 14 yards, 2; E. B. Hadley, L.A.C., 12 yards, 3; won in a canter by a couple of yards; time, 25 2-5secs. Half Mile Challenge Cup: C. Hazen-Wood (holder), 1; H. R. Ball, 2; won by a dozen yards; time, 1 min 59 1-5secs. Four Miles Bicycle Handicap, open (starts by M. D. Rücker): E. A. Runtz, L.A.C., 350 yards, 1; S. Kemp, L.A.C., 425 yards, 2; W. T. Thorn, L.A.C., 240 yards, 3; won by a yard; time, 1 min 1 1-5secs. Three Miles Walking Challenge Cup: R. Coombes, 1; J. A. Squires, 2; won by 2 yards; time, 24min 40secs. One Mile Handicap, open (starts by T. Shore): H. W. Crosse, L.A.C., 120 yards, 1; E. C. S. Burgess, Blackheath Harriers, 150 yards, 2; H. D. Thomas, Blackheath Harriers, scratch, 3; won by a dozen yards, a foot between second and third; time, 4min 28 3-5secs.

Cortis will be conferring a favour on the second class men if he would retire from bicycling for a time. Last Saturday, at Alexandra Park he again cut the record, winning a Three Miles Handicap from scratch in 8min 55 2-5secs., and easily, too; a One Mile Handicap falling to W. J. Reilly, Tower Hamlets, 130 yards, in 2min 54 2-5secs.

"On authority," I hear that "Choppy" Warburton will try to beat record time for ten miles at the Radcliffe sports on Saturday.

Football is now fairly in swing. On Saturday the Richmond Rugby Union Club opened their season in the Old Deer Park, when F. Adams's (the captain) team beat Gardner's by two goals and a try to a goal. No fewer than thirty new members were elected at the meeting.

Another Rugby game was played the same afternoon, Blackheath on their own ground beating the Marlborough Nomads by seven goals and five tries to "nil," L. Stokes being, as usual, conspicuous.

Old Cheltonians, who also play Rugby rules, journeyed to Woolwich, and defeated the Royal Military Academy, after a close game, by two tries to nothing.

Swimmers have been having plenty to interest them since my last, and first and foremost, I suppose, I must place the race for the 100 Yards Championship Challenge Cup, presented by the executive of the South-East London Club. There were fourteen entries, and after the usual trial heats J. S. Moore, captain of the East London S.C., holder of the cup; E. C. Danels, champion at 500 yards; T. Robinson, Borough of Finsbury Club; F. E. Odell, Ilex S.C.; W. R. Itter, captain Regent S.C.; and A. France, captain Alliance S.C., were left in to compete for the prizes. After one of the grandest races ever witnessed Moore won by a yard from Danels, he beating Robinson by six inches, the latter being but a like distance in advance of Odell. The time officially given was 1min 12 3-5sec, but one veteran swimmer made it 1min 12 3-5sec; at any rate, either beats the previous "best on record."

Much to my annoyance I was unable to avail myself of the invitation I received to attend the Otter S.C. entertainment on Tuesday evening, and from a reliable source I hear I lost a great treat, the racing being good, the attendance above the average, and the arrangements all that could be desired. Messrs. H. F. Green, R. C. Hammond, and R. Newman were most efficient as judges, and Mr. T. R. Sachs started with requisite precision, whilst Mr. H. G. Green must have been perfectly satisfied with his efforts as handicapper. Appended is as full a return as I can afford space for. Novice Race: E. R. Gurr, 1; C. Humphreys, 2; won by four yards. Plunging Handicap: J. V. Johnson, 4ft start, 57ft 6in, 1; S. Willis, 10ft start, 57ft, 2; E. Creaton, 12ft start, 56ft, 3. Four Lengths Scratch Race (Open): H. J. Barron, Otter S.C., 1; G. C. Ellis (introduced), 2; R. S. Cahill, Otter S.C., 3; won by a touch; time (98 yards), 1min 13 4-5sec. Six Lengths Handicap (Open): R. C. Hammond, 18sec, 1; G. F. Nixon, 18sec, 2; W. R. Sewell, 24sec, 3; won by a yard. Four Lengths Open Handicap: H. H. Griffin, Cadogan S.C., 23sec, 1; F. E. Odell, Ilex S.C., scratch, 2; W. L. O'Malley, Ilex S.C., 12sec, 3; H. Goodwin, Norwood S.C., 12sec, 4; won by a yard and a half, six inches between second and third; time, 1min 12sec. High Plunge: M. D. Rücker, 1. Four Lengths Hurdle Handicap: J. J. Rope, 1; H. P. Gardner, 2; R. S. Cahill, 3; won by a yard, a "touch" between second and third; time, 1min 26 1-5sec. Ten Lengths Open Handicap: J. Bachmayer, Surrey S.C., 15sec, 1; H. Ledger, Norwood S.C., 20, 2; F. W. Dean, Norwood S.C., scratch, won by a "touch," 1/2 a yard between second and third; time, 3min 57 1-5sec. Tub Race: 50 yards, C. Humphreys, 1; H. J. Green, 2; M. D. Rücker, 3; won anyhow. Two Lengths Clothes Race: S. Willis, 4sec, 1; R. H. Cahill, scratch, 2; F. Sachs, 12, 3; won easily. Messrs. H. J. Barron and H. Green gave an admirable exposition of ornamental swimming, which evoked repeated and deserved applause.

Good sport was also shown at the Ilex meeting last Thursday, held at Lambeth Baths, but the most noticeable feature was the want of support accorded it by the members themselves. F. E. Odell and the O'Malleys were the principal performers, and H. J. Green, of the Otters Club, gave a fine show of ornamental swimming. Results: Plunging Handicap: W. L. O'Malley, Thames R.C., scratch, 61ft 1 1/2in. Eighty Yards Scratch Race (Open): F. E. Odell, Ilex S.C., 1; H. J. Barron, Otter S.C., 2; H. M. Beevor, Ilex S.C., 3; won by two yards; time, 57 1/2sec. Six Lengths Open Race: C. L. O'Malley, Ilex S.C., 1; W. Byrne-Jones, W.L.R.C., 2; time, 3min 40 1/2sec. Novices' Race: C. R. Thursby, L.A.C., 1; P. Byrne-Jones, Caius College, Cambridge, 2; won by 1 1/2 yards; time, 70 1/2sec. 120 Yards Handicap (Open): F. Burton, Cadogan S.C., 18sec, 1; F. E. Odell, Ilex S.C., scratch, 2; C. Newman, Otter S.C. 12, 2; won by 1 1/2 yards; time, 1min 49 1/2sec; Odell's time, 1min 31 1/2sec. 160 Yards

Veterans' Handicap: J. Bachmayer, Surrey S.C., 8sec, 1. 240 Yards Handicap (Open): C. Newman, Otter S.C., 15sec, 1; F. Brumleau, Ilex, 5, 2; won by 5 yards; time, 4min 1 1/2sec. Two Lengths Hurdle Race: A. Sowerby, Thames R.C., 11sec, 1; R. M. McKenna, King's College F.C., 7, 2; F. E. Odell, Ilex, 3; won by 1 1/2 yards; time, 1min 12 1/2sec. Swimming Under Water: T. F. Knowles, Royal Canoe Club, 51 yards, 9in, 1; Horace Davenport, champion amateur, and C. L. O'Malley, West London R.C., swam an Exhibition Race of 400 Yards, and, of course, made the conventional dead heat. The brothers O'Malley and Byrne-Jones made the handicaps.

On Tuesday evening E. Danels, champion amateur at 500 yards, gave J. Webster, of the Sandringham Club, 4 sec. start in 112 yards, and beat him easily by four yards. Time, 1min 49 1/2 sec—the best on record.

Rowing men also had plenty of amusement on Saturday, the principal attraction being the Thames R.C. Regatta. S. H. Collan, of Cambridge University, who apparently had entered as East Sheen R.C., was pitchforked in with half a minute start for the Handicap Sculls, won by three-quarters of a length from A. J. Brandon, London R.C., 25sec; F. Reynolds, London R.C., 45sec, being third; A. E. Kent, Thames R.C., 22sec, fourth, and J. Hastie, Thames R.C., scratch, fifth; eleven others starting. Ten crews appeared for the open eights, and Sherwood's crew won by a fluke, as Radmail and Nottebohn's crews fouled through the cox. of the former crew's fault.

At the Grove Park Regatta Wells's four won the Ladies' Plate, R. H. Laurie's four the Starling Plate, and T. Butler landed the scratch eights.

Grove House beat Atalanta easily in their annual match from Mortlake to Hammersmith Bridge, winning by four lengths.

The second annual regatta of the Anglian Boat Club was also held the same afternoon from Kew to Mortlake Brewery, but the events do not call for special notice.

A prior engagement unfortunately prevented my attending the annual races of the Metropolitan Rowing Club, but I am pleased to state that the members had a most enjoyable afternoon, and fine weather. The Citizen N (Captain Reynolds) accompanied the contest, and carried a large freight of visitors, including Mr. Flack, assistant-manager M.R.C.; Mr. G. Wilde, solicitor M.R.C.; Mr. C. Smith, the Misses Clunes, &c. Starter and handicapper, Mr. W. T. Allen; judge, Mr. E. Hogden. Details: Handicap Sculls; course, from Waldron's Wharf to Hammersmith-bridge: H. Haggard, 17sec, 1; H. Gutteridge, 10sec, 2; F. Church, 29sec, 3; H. Church, scratch, 4; G. Stanton, 35sec, 5. Won by a quarter of a length; third man beaten off. Four Oared Challenge Cup Race, presented by Dr. Gawith.—Surrey Station: A. Church, F. Doggett, W. Pott, F. Church (stroke) Young Biffin, 1; Centre Station: G. Wilkinson, H. Gutteridge, G. Stanton, H. Church (stroke), Hodges (cox), 2; Middlesex Station: H. Haggard, R. Draper, C. Walsh, R. Bennett, Purton (cox), 0. H. Church was the quickest to take the water, but in a few strokes Benwell passed him at Thorneycroft's; the last mentioned led by a length, but in a few seconds stopped when it was ascertained he was seized with the cramp. F. Church then drew up to his brother, easily shook him off, and ultimately shot under Barnes-bridge the winner by four lengths.

The Theatrical Rowing Club Four Oared Races were decided on Monday, when H. King's crew won easily by six lengths, J. Pedder's second, J. Winsall's third, and F. Islip's last.

EXON.

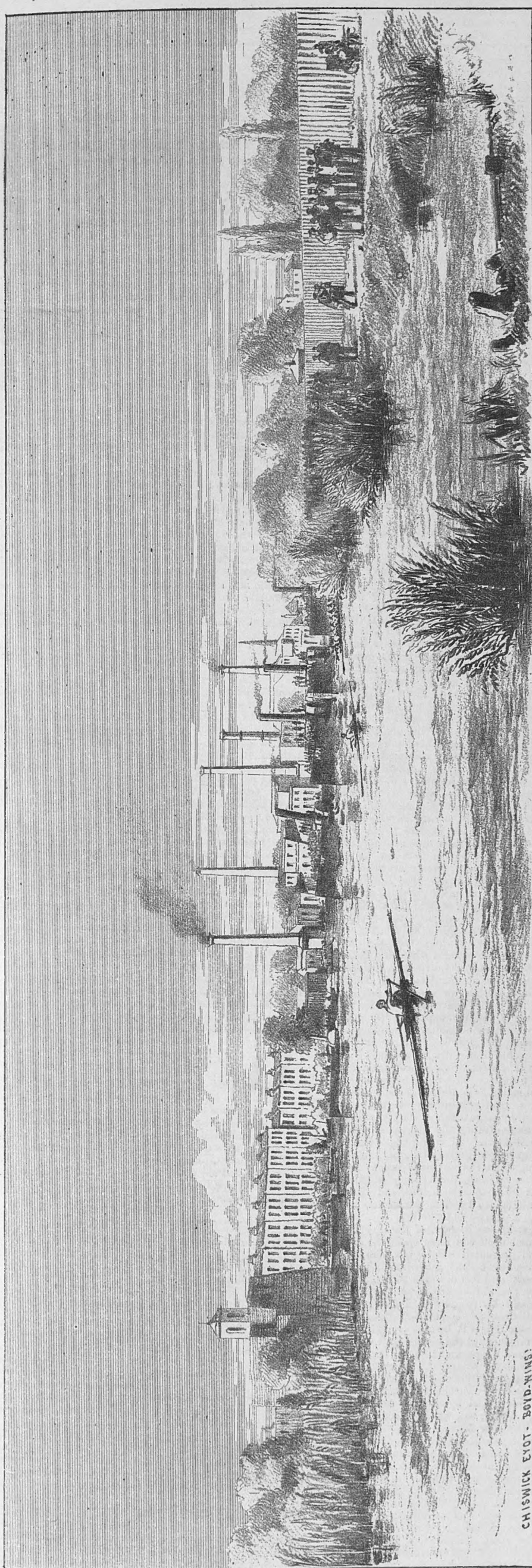
A FISH OUT OF WATER.—A black bass was lately discovered in the centre of a cake of ice at Rondout. It had been locked up there for eight months and was frozen stiff when cut out. It was placed in a sprinkling pot containing cistern water, and in half an hour showed signs of life. Now it occupies a place in a globe on the counter at a drug store, and is as lively as it ever was.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—As several incorrect statements on the subject have appeared, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, are desirous of stating that the whole of the decorations, furniture, and fittings of every description of the entrance hall, crush-room, foyer, and Prince of Wales's room, and the upholstery work, decorations, and fittings of the auditorium, were designed, executed, and supplied by them; the paintings in entrance-hall, crush-room, and in front of the orchestra having been entrusted by them to Mr. J. Macbeth. The lighting arrangements have been carried out by Messrs. Barwell, Son, and Fisher, of Birmingham, whose patent Duplex gas-burners have been used.

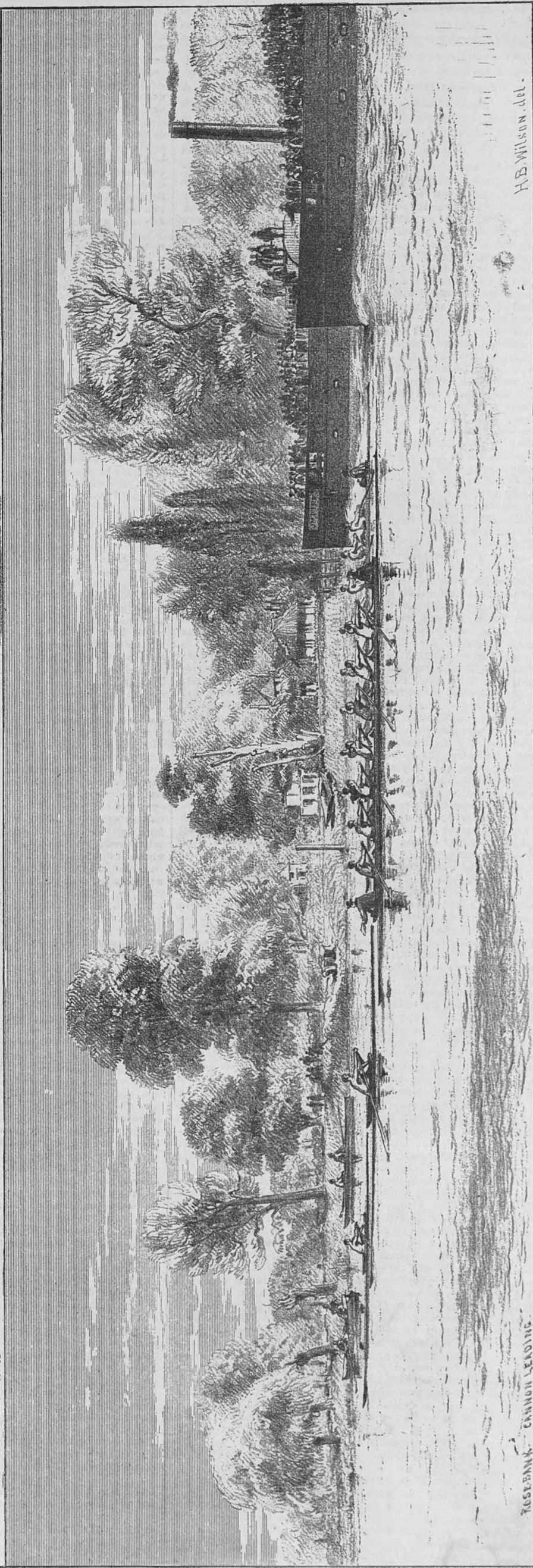
JOCKEYS AND STEWARDS.—The same day that brought us the news of Cetewayo's capture is memorable for another capture at Lichfield, which is not without interest to our racing readers. Most men who have watched Frederick Archer during the last two seasons have been surprised that the crisis should have been so long delayed, and for ourselves we cannot but congratulate the community if a wholesome check has been given to a style of race-riding at once dangerous and unfair. We had hoped that the severe comments made by one of our leading unprofessional jockeys to Archer on the occasion of a race (in which similar tactics were adopted) would have been a sufficient warning; but it appears that the young gentleman in question was impervious to any rebuke not emanating from the high hand of the law. We cannot but congratulate the stewards of the meeting upon the firm tone which they adopted in the settlement of the question, without a reference to the Jockey Club, the members of which body, even if disposed to adjudicate, could not be as cognisant of the facts as the local authorities were. Some remarks of "Bleys" in *Bells Life* on the 20th of September on the point are so remarkably *apropos*, and deal so exhaustively with the subject, that we cannot refrain from reproducing them for the benefit of our racing friends in general, and of Frederick Archer in particular: "It cannot have escaped the notice of folks who take interest in races and watch them closely that instances of unfair riding are becoming far too common. It may be urged by some that this can hardly be the fact, considering the few complaints made on that score. But it must be remembered that certain of our oldest and most respectable jockeys have a dislike at all times to lodge objections, or to make charges that reflect on their brethren. Some owners of horses, too, are chivalrous on the subject of objections, and forbear to press them, save under exceptional circumstances. I feel sure that the time has come for both owners and jockeys to be restrained no longer by considerations of delicacy. The result of an accident caused by unfair riding is likely enough to incapacitate a jockey from pursuing his calling again—quite sufficient reason why he should endeavour to put a stop to practices that are dangerous and on the increase. It behoves an owner, also, to look after the interests and safety, so far as lies within his power, of the rider, who, for the time being, is in his employment, and it is mistaken leniency or mistaken delicacy on the part of one or the other to allow offenders to escape unquestioned by the stewards of race meetings. Stewards, owners, and jockeys know perfectly well that the evil to which allusion has been made is no imaginary one. It is an evil that only the unob-servant can have failed to notice, and unless promptly checked may ere long occasion some shocking catastrophe.—*Baily's Magazine*.



SKETCHES FROM THE CALVERT BENEFIT AT MANCHESTER.



CHISWICK EYOT. BOYD-WINGS.



ROSEBANK. CANNON LEADING.

H.B. Wilson del.

MATCHES BETWEEN HIGGINS AND BOYD, AND CANNON AND THOMAS, ON THE THAMES.

GRAYLING FISHING.

It is commonly believed that the grayling—*salmo thymallus*, *thymallus vulgaris*, or *umbra*, is a naturalised but not indigenous English fish, the earliest colonies of which were imported from the Continent by the monks of old, for the benefit of those monasteries which, in ruined grandeur, or in renovated beauty, may still be admired on the banks of the principal rivers where grayling are to be found. This belief, no doubt, is founded on fact; but we know that the wise monks reared their pleasant homes on the banks of many a fair stream over all parts of the United Kingdom; whereas the grayling is confined to only a few of the smaller streams, and to particular localities, in England alone. The fish is unknown to the North of the Tweed, or in all the rivers and lakes of Ireland, where monastic institutions used to be numerous and powerful. If, as is most probable, our original supply was drawn from abroad, the parent stock may still be found flourishing most abundantly in their native home; for a circle drawn on the map of Europe from a centre at Berne to a distance at Genoa would enclose within its circumference nearly all the Continental family of grayling, which most closely resemble our English fish. They are said to be found also in Lapland, Norway, and Sweden, as well as on the borders of the Caspian and Baltic; but these, as Sir Humphrey Davis has pointed out with good reasons, would appear to be a variety of a different species. Similarly also in England, if the proverbial eagle, towering over the heights of the Herefordshire Beacon, were to wing his course to the far slopes of the Derbyshire hills, he would look down upon the principal settlements of our grayling colonies, spread out in panorama beneath his flight. There are, of course, some few grayling rivers outside this area; and Hampshire especially has not only perpetuated its own breed, but also furnished stock for other localities; while Yorkshire also holds some strong outlying detachments in the north. The worthy monks, no doubt, fully appreciated the grayling, as a savoury change in their diet of fish during the hard months of the winter, and probably tried to introduce them into various rivers with more or less success; but the delicate fish has tastes and idiosyncrasies of his own, and must have refused to populate many a desirable stream, and died out of others where its few but imperative requirements were not satisfied. For even within the present century they have been observed to change the position of their favourite haunts in old-established rivers, always migrating downwards from cold springs to warmer pools, and they have refused to establish their progeny in many new localities selected for them, and notably in the great Thames itself. Their tastes and habits, however, are very well known now, and wherever the stock has been once established, and their river home made suitable for them, they have been found to breed freely and to grow rapidly, requiring little further care beyond protection from the ubiquitous and iniquitous poacher. They love a swift flowing, but not turbulent, river, where the water is generally clear and moderately cool, and where gentle currents alternate with deep and extensive pools. They do not follow the fashion of young troutlets, and make their common playground in the noisy stickles, which go babbling over gravelly shallows, or twist fretfully into little pools and falls among the rocks, though occasionally they may be seen, sporting playfully and rising continuously, on some of the faster currents and rippling shallows, where the small flies are being wafted rapidly down the stream. Their more congenial home lies in stiller waters, and in dark depths, where the river channel is lined with mixed gravel, sand, and loam, from which they may gather particles of mud, and smaller shells, to help their digestion of the insect food, which constitutes their favourite sustenance. They lie therefore habitually at a lower depth in the water than trout usually do; and darting upwards at their prey, instead of waiting for it to float almost into their mouths, they rarely appear to view at all in the river, except at the moment when they make their sudden rise, and disappear again almost as instantaneously. The fish itself is so delicate in the nature and the flavour of its flesh, needing to be cooked within a few hours after it has been caught, that, although taken in its prime during the cold months of winter, it is rarely sent away to distant friends as a present, and still more rarely exposed for sale in the fish shops of large towns; and consequently it is as rare a sight as a black swan to the general public. The grayling rivers, too, are so limited in number and small in extent that they are apt to be regarded, even by members of the craft, as Corinthian streams, restricted to a few club members, and sacred as the Leintwardine itself; and so many a half-satisfied angler puts away his worn and tangled gear, when September brings an end to the trout fishing, and never thinks of having a cast at the grayling, just at the very time when the delicious fish is coming into season.

There is little difficulty, however, in obtaining an introduction to the grayling family; and the town of Leominster furnishes a convenient starting-point, and the Lugg an easy and accessible river, on which the explorer may take his first experience of that fascinating sport, which adds a new charm to fly-fishing by extending its enjoyment into the barren months of winter. For Leominster lies in the midst of a fine grayling district, on the best part of the Lugg, and within easy distance of the River Teme, the Arrow, and some tributary branches of the Wye, in all of which some grayling will be found to fraternise with the commoner trout, and in some to monopolise the stream in great numbers, and to grow to a large size. The whole stock of artificial flies required for their fishery is not very numerous, and the local dealers can always supply the few varieties best suited to the season and the river. The gut casts should be dyed to an amber tint, as most nearly resembling the usual colour of the water, and tapered to the finest possible end, to suit the diminutive flies, and to fall lightly on the unruffled surface of smooth pools, where the fish congregate in largest numbers, and may often be caught in doublets at one cast. The passed graduate in trout-fishing may, very probably, find himself disappointed at first for some time, while he meets with no response to his most tempting lines of invitation, sent with careful precision to likely-looking nooks and swirling eddies, where he fondly hoped the hungry grayling might be floating near the surface, ready to snatch the flies that should float over them, or to dart out at them from some sheltered spot, until suddenly from the clear depths of mid-stream he may see a silvery fish shoot upwards, like a flash of light, and descend again with equal rapidity. Then he realises the different habits of the grayling; how that fish lies deep down in the water, watching for his food on the surface, and prepared to take it with a sudden upward spring; for though he cannot stem a torrent, surmount a weir, or spring out of water like a trout, yet, by the aid of his large and beautifully tinted dorsal fin, he can raise himself through the water and dart down again like a flash of lightning. So the judicious angler adapts his allurements to the taste of the fish, and spreading his flies as lightly as possible on the open water, allows them to float naturally on the surface. Again, a glittering streak of silver flashes upwards, and this time the red

bends to a sportive little fish of herring size. There is a very general belief, which perhaps is greatly over-estimated, that the mouth of the grayling is very tender, and so the landing net is brought into use even for these small fish, much against the inclination of the angler, who thinks that surely no other fish will rise again for some time on the same spot after such a disturbance. Won't they, your ignorance! They seem rather to like the fun, which now gets exciting, as the large pool is full of fish, which dart up and down like northern lights in the stream, until the feed is over, and then all is still again. These are the yearling fish, or shutt-grayling as they are called, which, having been hatched in great numbers during the early spring, make rapid growth and attain to herring size in the autumn, and to about half-a-pound by Christmas. They grow to a pound weight in their second year, and so on to two, but rarely exceed three pounds. The shutt-grayling may be caught by dozens during August and September, one after another out of the same pool, and often two together, with only here and there some stray full-grown fish among them.

The larger grayling are, of course, much more rare and difficult to delude; but there is one method of catching them which, though it savours somewhat of poaching, is a perfectly marvellous sight, when practised by an experienced artist. The deadly bait used instead of flies is half artificial and half real, and consists of about a yard of strong salmon gut attached to a leaded hook, the loaded shank of which is covered with green worsted, and ribbed with yellow silk, to imitate the body of a large grasshopper, and on the barb of this a real grub or live insect is impaled. A clever manipulator of this bait, who is acquainted with the river, will simply drop it into some deep hole under the hollow banks, where he knows that the big fish dwell, and commence sinking and drawing it slowly up and down; and the effect appears to be as instantaneous as it is wonderful, for the largest fish seem to be absolutely unable to resist the temptation, when properly presented to them. This sinking and drawing process appears easy and simple enough, until tried by an inexperienced hand; and of course it is not generally allowed, though on some of the best fisheries one or two days in the autumn are set apart for this particular sport, when the execution among the largest fish is very deadly. It is, of course, an ignoble method of killing the princely grayling, for whom honest fly-fishing with light tackle and a fair fight is the only legitimate sport. This, indeed, is all that a good fly-fisher would desire in the full grayling season, which extends up to Christmas, when the young fish are better grown, and the old ones need to be cunningly wooed before they will yield to temptation, and to be delicately handled before they can be brought to the basket.

In all grayling rivers some trout are to be found, and the two cousinly fishes thrive well enough together in such streams as are capable of sustaining their united families; but as one is just going out of season when the other is coming in, it is just as well to observe that their habits, their haunts, and their nurseries are different in many essential details, and the favourite food of both, though very similar, is by no means identical. The trout, on the one hand, is an active forager and almost omnivorous. He will chase the lively minnow and devour the smaller tribes of his own race, as well as the spawn and foster of the larger; and then he will make a dinner of all sorts of grubs and insects and a supper of flies and moths. The grayling, on the other hand, is far more fastidious in the limited viands of his usual diet. He does not commonly hunt after minnows and small fishes, though there are undoubted instances of his having been caught with a minnow as a bait, and he does not forage in those parts of the river where the spawn of other fish is to be obtained. Feeding almost entirely on larvae and flies, he seems to prefer such as are enveloped in hard cases of sand and gravel, while all the minute insect life which lurks among the weeds and vegetation of the deep pools serves to furnish his principal sustenance, and so he is easily taken in with the miniature artificial representations of his accustomed food; and he cannot resist the temptation of a choice repast when a good representation of grub or grasshopper is naturally presented to him. It has been said, indeed, that he eats freely of the water-thyme, which has gained for him his distinguishing appellation of "Thymallus," and even still imparts to him that peculiar aroma of thyme or cucumber which he exhales when first taken out of the water; but this fiction has not stood the test of experience, nor has any such vegetable matter been ever found among the food in his stomach. Neither do the two families interfere with each other during the quarrelsome period of mating and spawning; for while the trout persistently runs upward to the fresh and cool waters of mountain streams, or small tributary brooks, to spawn, the grayling will never face the coldness nor stem the torrents of the upper streams, but, if he changes his locality at all, always drops downwards, and seeks a warm and peaceful nursery. The female grayling is generally attended by several males, it is said, and their spawn is deposited at the tail of a gently running stream, and there left uncovered, while the parent fishes simply remain on guard, to keep away intruders, during the short period that elapses till the young are hatched out. Then the whole family drop down to some deep and quiet pool, where they all live and grow together till the autumn, when the angler comes to look after them. Then the shutt-grayling, in their youth and ignorance, play merrily with his treacherous flies, and afford an easy sport; but the elder fish are far less numerous, and more difficult to delude.

Having once got into the swim, as it were, of the grayling at the very time when autumnal droughts have spoilt the trout fishing on small streams, and prevented the late salmon from running up their larger rivers, any ardent fisherman is pretty sure to take a fancy to the sport, and feel desirous to extend his experience of it. There is the old classic river the Dove, where Isaak Walton fished, and his friend Cotten dwelt, near what has well been called "Beresford's enchanting glen," and the old fishing house, long preserved, if it be not yet standing, as a memorial of the great forefathers of the gentle craft. There the grand Derwent flows through the park of Chatsworth, "the Palace of the Peak," past Baslow, where the Peacock Inn proffers a resting-place to satisfy a Sybarite, a fishery hard to beat, on to Rowsley, where another Peacock Inn, more widely known perhaps, and more frequented by anglers, furnishes a change of sport and scenery. There, too, the Wye comes down from the heights of Buxton, through Mousal Dale, one of the loveliest of those flowery valleys which throw out the brown hills of Derbyshire in beautiful contrast, under grand quarries of marble scarped out of the mountain sides, past the town of Bakewell, famous for its rich confections, to Haddon Hall, with its Italian gardens, the model and despair of many feebler imitations. Part of the fishing on all these rivers of course is private, but there is plenty of first-rate sport available to visitors at many of the well-known riverside hotels, where the evening show of large fish caught by rival artists on a good day is sometimes a sight to be remembered. When these winter fish are taken straight from the river to the kitchen, then, as the Book of St. Alban's says, "the grayling, by another name called umbre, is a delectuous fysshe to many's mouthe."

OLD LEO.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mlle. Marie Magnier.

Mlle. Magnier is one of the five daughters of a *commissaire en merchandises*, and the only one who figures upon the stage. Her career has been unmarked by any great successes, but as a familiar figure on the French stage we include her in the picture gallery. After playing at a number of small theatres, Louise Magnier—as she is generally called, her full name being Marie Louise Josephine—was engaged at the Gymnase and at the Vaudeville, and has now passed to the Palais Royal.

"IN THE STILL LEAFY WOODLANDS."

The suggestive picture which these lines illustrate will, for the idea it conveys as well as for itself, be welcome to hunting men. The trees are still leafy, but the leaves are falling, and some such scene as that here depicted may be witnessed as early in the morning as there is light to see anything, in many merry woodlands which four or five weeks hence will be ringing with deeper music. Cub-hunting must be practised, as well for the sake of the young hounds as of the young foxes, though probably the latter do not much appreciate the kindness which drives them from familiar earths to distant quarters—supposing they do not fall victims early in the season. The roomy burrow which some industrious rabbits constructed for their own use, the broken bank, with a pleasant westerly view, the warm habitation in a disused drain or among the roots of some huge tree, have been a happy home for the mother and her cubs; and no doubt the little ones feel desolate as, after having been scared away in the morning, they find the house shut up by some mysterious means when they return to it. There is then nothing for it but to seek lodgings elsewhere. The family circle—like so many human family circles—is broken up, and the cub has to learn to shift for himself. Some of them will come to a premature end, and convince fox-hound pups that hares are beneath their dignity to hunt, and less exhilarating to eat than these plump little cubs, which will awaken in the descendants of a noble race that thirst for their enemy's blood which is the sure foundation of many glorious runs in the future. Even some recognised authorities on the sport have committed themselves to the statement that cub-hunting is a trifle dull, but from these we must differ. To the man who only desires to gallop and jump, it will of course be slow, for the season has not come when one can sit down in the saddle and go. As Mr. Sturges has suggested in the title of his drawing, the woodlands are yet leafy, and the hound, not the horse, is the thing now to be considered. For the man who loves to witness the instinct and intelligence of young hounds, cub-hunting is a very enjoyable season; to the ordinary hunting man it is the precursor of joys to come; but by both classes we are sure that the picture will be looked at with pleasure.

THE BUSH DOG IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

This rare and singular animal is probably the first and only specimen ever exhibited alive in Europe. It was presented to the Society by Mr. J. Ernest Tinne, in August last, and is a native of British Guiana. The first notice or record of this animal was made by Herr Dr. Lund, in his "Treatise on the Animals of the Brazils," published in 1841. Great doubt existed at the time of its first discovery, of the true affinities of this animal, its general resemblance being to that of the marten or weasel tribe, and it was accordingly for some time considered to belong to this order of animals. In 1856, Dr. Hermann Burmeister, published the "Fauna Brasiliensis" in Berlin, and a most elaborate and exhaustive paper appears in the above work upon the teeth, skull, and other bones of this animal; it is mainly upon the dentition that the creature has been placed among the dogs, and its near relationship most satisfactorily established. The individual from which the figure is taken is a very young animal, not having at present shed all its sucking teeth; it is extremely playful and perfectly tame, evidently fond of being petted, running about wagging its tail and exhibiting the usual signs of puppy delight; but if by chance a rat comes in sight the "dog" becomes very excited, rushes after the rat, and upon catching it shakes and bites its prey after the fashion of the most celebrated rat-killer. Mr. C. Bartlett during his visit to Surinam in 1867 met with this animal, but owing to its nocturnal habits and extremely shy disposition and rapid movements he failed to secure specimens. The colour of the bush dog is dark brown, but lighter on the head and neck, this part being of a dirty yellowish buff. The full-grown animal is a little over thirty inches in length.

"PREPARATION."

The "knowing" air with which the old pedagogue of our engraving mends his quill in preparation for some great feat of noble penmanship is excellently given. The original picture was a photograph taken by the most eminently artistic photographer we have yet had—the late O. G. Rejlander, a gentleman who studied and practised as a painter for many years before he adopted the camera, and produced a series of fine works which he first demonstrated the power an artist of real power has in dealing with such apparently unmanageable elements as chemicals and lenses represent.

MATCHES ON THE THAMES.

The matches between Higgins and Boyd, and Cannon and Thomas, have been discussed to such an extent that no description is needed to illustrate the pictorial representation of the scene in this number.

A DANGEROUS COLOUR.

Red parasols have been familiar objects wherever those who have a regard for what is *comme il faut* have been gathered together this year. So common have they now become that well-regulated bulls will soon deign not to take any notice of them. When our artist's sketch was made, however, the lords of the herd had not become accustomed to sunshades of this glaring colour, and the damsel who is innocently walking across the field little guesses to what a state of fury her red parasol has reduced Taurus. Happily she is near a gate, and if he makes a rush for it, as he seems likely to do—for the turf torn up by its angry hoof is ominous—she will not have much trouble in finding a refuge. As a hint to young ladies who are careful to have parasols of the right shade, and careless what bulls think of the fashion, this sketch may be useful.

GUDGEON FISHING ON THE THAMES WITH MY COUSIN.

Seeing that the cousin was to be an occupant of the punt, the choice of gudgeon was wise. He is a creature that does not require that delicate and attentive manipulation on the part of those who would compass his capture which is imperatively demanded by some of his brethren of the stream. Baited with the dainty red worm, or less tempting but still appetising

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE term "Summer" in the British Calendar being at an end, it behoves the wily manager to bait his hook with a theatrical temptation that will draw the public to his house. The past week has been most especially rife with fresh productions. Not one theatre, but half a dozen have thrown their doors open in order to exhibit fresh goods; nevertheless, the theatrical world is in about as good a position now as if these worthy fellows had kept their establishments sealed up. True, the St. James's Theatre has been opened with a flourish of decoration that has set folks thinking of their own surroundings in place of directing their attention to the stage. What would our grandfathers have said to such a resplendent theatre, and more attention bestowed upon the smallest gallery boy than would have been deemed necessary for a Prince of the Blood Royal in his time? Mr. Hare has undertaken to instruct the British Public in matters of comfort, and as far as his part of the scheme is concerned he has proved himself a success. Whether the British public will reciprocate is quite another matter, the many-headed one likes to be crushed and uncomfortable, courts inconvenience, and loves to be knocked about. It must be confessed that in the *Queen's Shilling* military officers behave as they never do, nor did, nor could behave out of a



The Master of the Ring: Fairy Circus



Rescued: a Railway accident

Ducrow: "Cut the horses and come to the dialogue." At that temple of fashion, the Lyceum, Mr. Irving has been humorous enough to perform in *The Iron Chest*. For a good solid piece of stilted dramatic work *The Iron Chest* will not be easily beaten. Colman the younger was a person of much humorous perception, and must have undoubtedly contemplated



Most excellent fooling

elaborate jocularly when he wrote the play in question. Mr. Irving has announced his intention of resuming his performance of *Hamlet*. The one "bit of colour," as artists call it, in *The Iron Chest* is Mr. J. H. Barnes, probably owing to the fact that he plays the only character which is not wrapped in crape. The novel of "Caleb Williams," from which the chief character is drawn, is sufficiently gloomy in all conscience as a story; as a drama it is overpowering. As a supreme piece of practical joking, Mr. Dion Boucicault has scored the highest number of points. The drama of *Rescued*, at the Adelphi Theatre, has outdone every previous effort of playwrights in the matter of surprises and improbability. In order to secure the English copy-right, this piece was played at the King's-cross Theatre some time ago. The exponents were gifted with the most meagre ability, being for the most part stage carpenters and supers. The weaknesses of the drama did not so glaringly exhibit themselves on that occasion as when the piece was placed in the hands of first-rate actors and actresses. Of course Mr. Boucicault had a subterfuge upon which to rely even when the ire of his audience was at its highest, and by which he entirely altered the tone of the general opinion. A stage trick, well worked and brought in at the right time, forthwith altered the opinion of the multitude and stamped *Rescued* as a success. On this occasion Mr. Boucicault abandoned his favourite revolving towers, his realistic lakes, and his panoramic ivied castles. A railway bridge, with a thrilling incident of working the points



The Iron Chest

by two women was quite sufficient for Mr. Dion Boucicault to twist the Adelphi audience round his finger and stamp a really bad play with the verdict of success. Let us hope that no speculating railway company will be inspired by Mr. Boucicault's little invention and institute it on a line over which the confiding public travel. It would be hard to say whether Mr. Boucicault is becoming crippled in his dramatic efforts; but it is certainly a pity to find the author of the *Colleen Bawn* and the *Shaughraun*—to say nothing of his initial comedy, *London Assurance*—producing such arrant trash as *Rescued*. The Messrs. Gatti have gathered together at the Adelphi Theatre one of the most brilliant companies that London can muster, and these ladies and gentlemen are really the persons injured by the fatuous drama. The British public is quite contented with its toy train and revolving bridge; while the artists whose business it is to illuminate the text of the dramatist, hang about and shuffle through the performance in a hopeless manner. The Old Sadler's Wells has been renovated, and under the title of "New" Mrs. Bateman opens it with an elaborate production of *Rob Roy*. Everything that the costumier and the scene painter can do has been done; it only remains to be proved whether the playgoer of to-day is sufficiently enthusiastic to journey up Clerkenwell, and on towards the north-east of the City, for the sake of a play as he did in the days of the late Mr. Samuel Phelps. There have been really so many productions without any startling results that it quite addles one to think of them—there is but little heart for enthusiasm when a manager brings on the same stereotyped failure time after time. There is doubtless a lack of dramatic authorship abroad just at present, simply, it would seem, because the authors are offered such munificent terms for their work. Never were such fortunes held out to playwrights as there are at present—never did they make poorer returns.

theatre; but the play is brisk and amusing when it is not absurd. The St. James's Theatre is one of those dramatic sepulchres in which the hopes of many managers have been buried, and the daring move of the latest tenant deserves success even if it does not gain it. Manager Hollingshead has turned his theatre into a sort of circus. Horses, ponies, and a monkey are amongst his most recent engagements. The change has not been for the better, however, and before this appears in print he will have seen the error of his ways and alter his programme. The especial fault of the production of *The Great Casimir* at the Gaiety was the fact that Miss Farren was totally incapable of singing the music which falls to the lot of the chief character. After that came the fact that the two leading comedians of the theatre, Messrs. Royce and Terry, were supplied with utterly unsuitable parts. Manager Hollingshead made some show of ill-temper in an advertisement, using terms of highly-polished sarcasm at the expense of the "opinions of the press," also informing the public that there was an absence of legs in the piece that struck himself as an extraordinary circumstance in his theatre. The one thing accomplished in the production of *The Great Casimir* was the coming forward of Mr. W. Elton in the part of a clown. This gentleman's performance was at once the recognised entertainment of the evening, and only for it the short-lived piece would have died in its birth. Mr. Elton produced, almost altogether in by-play, a piece of mischievous humour that was perfectly irresistible. Mr. Terry was over-weighted with his music, and though he sang it most correctly, still he had no time to think of or do anything else. Mr. Hollingshead is a very good manager, but as a master of the ring he is not a success. The best thing for him to do after his melancholy experience of horseflesh is to reverse the epigram of

TURFIANA.

ONE by one, like leaves that redden and fall in chill October, advertisements of sires for next season keep dropping into the front page of the "Racing Calendar," and already there are signs of measures being taken by breeders to secure nominations for their crack mares to fashionable stallions. At present there seems to be no signs of a reduction in fees charged for the "swells" of the stud, but probably as we reach the lower strata it will be found that prices will have to be lessened in order to attract patronage. How it will fare with certain apparently hopeless cases it is not difficult to imagine, but still the owners of failures may take heart, and not resign all hope, for many almost "given up" have experienced remarkable resuscitations, and when once started on the road to success they go like wildfire. Of course there are many stallions advertised without any pretensions to succeed on the ground of looks, blood, and racing abilities; but when all these qualifications are combined in a candidate for stud honours he should not finally be rejected without the most serious consideration, provided that he is a sure foal-getter, that his stock are good-looking enough to fetch average prices, and that his produce show some sort of form, even if it be only of the selling plater order to commence with. To owners of sires having in them all the elements of success, but failing to bear out the high promise originally predicted for them, we would therefore say, keep on steadily without losing heart, persevering with the right sort of mares until every chance has been afforded to the horse to redeem his character, and in nine cases out of ten the good time—so long deferred—will be at hand. During the past season a more than average number of great unknowns and long-buried obscurities have come to the front; and their owners need not fear for the future of Highborn, Rocco, Bertram, and others, all of which have made a big enough mark to redeem previous shortcomings.

The driver of "Our Van" in *Daily's Magazine* has hardly, we venture to think, commented with his usual candour and fairness upon certain speeches from the throne at the Cobham sale, which must have reached him through hearsay, or at any rate not at first hand. Whether any one should have been permitted, as a matter of good taste, to use the auctioneer's box as a medium of communication with the audience is a subject on which any one is entitled to comment as he pleases; and the fact of the new confederacy keeping their plans dark until the end of the sale might afford fair food for remark. But as we understood the statement of Mr. Rymill as auctioneer, and of Messrs. Kemp and Waddell as liquidators, none of them contemplated for one moment a denial of the abstract rumours of an intended resuscitation of the stud at Cobham, but only disclaimed (as they might well do) the report industriously spread abroad that an "understanding" subsisted between the old and new concerns by means of which certain lots were to be transferred from one party to the other to the prejudice of original shareholders. As it happened, the bidings made by Mr. Wolfe on behalf of certain persons at present unknown actually benefited the shareholders to a very considerable extent, which we think upon reflection will be duly admitted. However, all's well that ends well, and if the dark horse's name was only permitted to transpire at the last moment, to the detriment of nobody, much worse cases of mystery have produced far less comment; though we admit that it is aggravating in the highest degree for purveyors of special and exclusive intelligence not to be let into State secrets at the earliest possible opportunity. No allusion whatever to the "Van" Driver.

Signs and tokens of the waning racing season now come thick and fast, sales and weed-outs showing in the first sheet of the "Calendar" like yellow leaves in autumn woodlands. The week now closing has witnessed more than one deal in thoroughbred stock at Newmarket, but at the Houghton Meeting there is to be a grand field day, Messrs. Tattersall announcing the sale of several large drafts, and a few stray yearlings which have hung fire during the summer. First of all we notice that grand mare Little Jemima (who would doubtless fetch a higher figure if more fashionably covered), and with her is offered Madeira, herself a good performer, and in foal to Plebeian, a stallion with whom all the clever men at Newmarket are wonderfully smitten, and here it may be noticed that his sire, Joskin, has recently received the happy despatch at Newbridge Hill. Lord Anglesey's lot number sixteen "all told," and of these nearly all are winners, and the rest likely to pay their way. The Middle Park yearlings, so often advertised for sale, and so frequently withdrawn, are to have a final chance given them at the last great meeting of the year, and they have been so fully described before that we need not recapitulate their merits afresh. Half a dozen or so waifs and strays also come up from Sandgate, colts by Virgilus (or Laneret) and Restitution, and fillies by Paganini and Scottish Chief, either lightly engaged or without any racing responsibilities whatever. Glen-garry and Attalus, both rather disappointing horses, are Mr. Houldsworth's contribution to the catalogue; and with these Miss Marion is advertised, a mare which has never done Green Lodge good service. Fetterlock and Anemone, from Heath House, make up two more items in the list; and then there are fourteen of all ages and sexes, the property of Lord Falmouth, which deserve a longer notice than we can afford space for this week. There are a few other odd lots, but, notwithstanding complaints of low prices for yearlings on the part of breeders, very few of the latter appear to be able to make up their minds to relinquish their hobby.

Monday at Newmarket was quite a gala day for the Russley and Station Road stables, the only interference with an actual division of the spoils by the patrons of Robert Peck and Charles Blanton's coming from John Porter, who brought Miss Sharpe so fit and well to the post for her engagement in a T.Y.C. Plate, that she was forthwith elected favourite, though when it came to racing, it looked a tightish fit between Mr. Gretton's filly, Castillon, and Caravan. In default of the Trial Stakes producing a race, three went down to the D.M. starting-post for a Welter Handicap, in which the odds liberally laid on Bute were never in doubt, Lord Rosebery's colt leaving Ultra and Strathern just when it suited him. The Second October Nursery Stakes was justly reckoned an open one by the Ring, who, wondrous to relate, were content to lay 6 to 1 on the field, at which price Schoolboy found friends, Valentino and Cipolata being next in request, while Brillancy also found backers at longer odds. In the end Tom Brown's filly split Cipolata and Schoolboy; and for the third time were the rose and primrose hoops to the fore in the Clearwell Stakes, this time on Camorra, bred, if we mistake not, at Middle Park, who beat Geraldine cleverly by a neck, MacGeorge, the Flurry colt, and Fire King being close up with the leaders. For a T.Y.C. Sweepstakes Colorado and Red Hazard ran a dead-heat, and after the decider had resulted in favour of Prince Soltykoff's colt, the winner changed hands to Mr. Gretton for 350 guineas, and he will doubtless do the orange and purple good service. Noyau would seem to be a sort of gold mine to Mr. Barclay, for after throwing him Philippe to Albert Victor, she has produced Grace Cup by The Duke, and so easily did this filly beat Aventurine colt and Petal for the Ditton Stakes that she

must be extra smart; and Blanton seems to hold a remarkably strong two-year-old hand this season, Mask, another from his "quiver," making as light of his task in the October Post Produce Stakes as Grace Cup had done in the preceding race.

On Tuesday, Charibert's defeat by Rycerski and Glencairn in the Royal Stakes showed the moderate character of the three-year-olds of 1879, and Lord Falmouth's piper must be put down as the luckiest Two Thousand Guineas winner on record. In a T.Y.C. Plate Dunmow once more cut up indifferently in the wake of Titania II. and Friar Tuck; while Innocent made a frightful example of Gil Blas in the Burwell Stakes, for which Gunnersbury had some friends, but the big chesnut soon held out signals of distress, and probably a more overrated horse never carried silk. That prince of platers, Paramatta, who has done enough hard work for his various owners to kill some of the soft and delicate kidney, won the Apprentices Plate from Beadman and Astwith, and nothing can be more highly commended than the policy of varying programmes with occasional races of this character, whereby rising talent obtains a chance of recognition; and, doubtless, many eligible light weights are born to blush unseen in exercise gallops, and thus fail to get the chance which, properly utilised, gives them a good start in life. Passing by the Cesarewitch for a moment, we find the outsider Amice placing the Heath Stakes to Mr. Savile's credit, and in such good company as that of Grace, Hermia, and Sign Manual, Judge Clarke's verdict being three-quarters of a length; nor did backers fare better in their selection of the two Cobhamites, Anticyra and Sir Reginald, in a T.Y.C. Plate, both having to knock under to Aristocrat, one of Mr. Sanford's American importations, which Tom Cannon landed a very clever winner by half a length. Cobham, however, took its revenge in the next race, Frivola settling Dreamland and Camorra, with something up her sleeve, in the Scurry Nursery, for which nearly everything had a price. Harking back to the chief event of the day, it may be said of the Cesarewitch that it had been a good betting race throughout, and very few of those backed early failed to put in an appearance; while there was a total absence of those milking and other questionable operations so alarmingly rife in connection with big handicaps a few years ago. We may take some credit for having recommended Dresden China and Chippendale, while Isonomy also had our good word, though we must admit to have erred in our estimate of Westbourne. Of these the first-named looked trained to the hour, but she has been slightly overrated, and it is more moonshine to notice her in the same breath as Wheel of Fortune. Here we find Chippendale giving her sex allowance, and perhaps a 7lb. beating in addition, and no one claims for Lord Bradford's colt the character of quite a first-class horse, though he is obviously a ripe and good stayer. Westbourne ran exceedingly well under difficulties, and must be marked "dangerous" for the Cambridgeshire; while the performance of his stable-companion, Isonomy, in getting fourth, is a further proof, if any were needed, of the high class racing quality of the mighty Cup winner of 1879. For Adamite no excuse can be urged, and from the first we regarded him as altogether too good a thing, and stuck to the mare, whose grand performance in public at Doncaster we considered worth half a dozen private spins on Langton Wold in company with such an arch rogue as Mr. Cookson's horse. In preferring Bay Archer to Lansdowne, we acted on somewhat similar lines of reasoning as in the case of the Malton pair, and with the same satisfactory results; but in the case of Parole we made a mistake in giving him a last chance of redeeming his character as a stayer. Discord is another who showed his inability to compass the distance, and Breadfinder may also prefer a shorter cut, though it amounts almost to treason to doubt her staying powers. Of the rest, Rhiddoroch beat the more-fancied Chocolate, and Jagellon and Iron Duke showed a bold front during the race, which has thus fallen for the second time to the Stanton stable, and Wadlow's followers should be good winners, looking at the healthy odds always forthcoming against Lord Bradford's colt.

Eight races were set for Wednesday, the two year old element being conspicuous throughout the programme, of which a Post Sweepstakes was the first item, and this fell a prey to Brother to Ersilia, who gave 8lb to the favourite Prefect, and beat him and the Adventurine colt with ease. None of the selected for the Ditch Mile Nursery were "in it" with Belfry, who, like most of the Cathedrals, stays well, and the Doeskin colt and Albany attended her home. For a two-year-old Selling Plate the uncertain Orchestra was once more trusted, but he was nowhere to Moonstone, Cobden, and Playaway, Sir John Astley claiming the winner for 380 guineas. Rayon d'Or and Discord fought their battle over again in the Select Stakes, and with much the same result, the Frenchman presenting Mr. Christopher's colt with 5lb and a head beating, the others being tailed off, and this form should be good enough to give Discord a good rough outside chance for the Cambridgeshire. The Middle Park Plate field was not nearly up to the sample of previous years, but Beaudesert is a grand-looking youngster, bred somewhat after the fashion of Isonomy—Birdcatcher on Birdcatcher—and it is evident that the Sterlings do not ripen early in life. Grace Cup, who has a soft look about her, gave way when asked to do her best at the finish, and Dora was third only on sufferance, the betting foreshadowing the result, and perhaps Evasion was really third best. An All-aged Sweepstakes, Rous Course, fell to Orchid, one of Blanton's powerful "arsenal" of two year olds, the filly subsequently passing into Mr. Gregory's possession for 310 guineas, and a Flying Welter Handicap again saw Grace's wings clipped, this time by that useful old slave Merry Thought, Lord Harrington's mare defeating the favourite and Titania II. by a length and a half. Last came the Cambridgeshire Welter Stakes, for which Fortitude had the call of Fildelstrang, but Sir J. Astley's colt never came a-nigh, the Heath House candidate winning easily at last from Carnethy and Belphebe, Beaulair taking them along a hopper to the end of his tether.

The announcement of Davies's death would have caused far more sensation twenty years ago than now, when his name has well-nigh passed into oblivion, though few have so well earned the title of "Leviathan." In the days to which we allude, its possessor was the very heart and soul of betting, more especially at Newmarket, where he was wont to take up a conspicuous position on the roof of the highest vehicle he could find, and thundered out his offers in a voice which fairly drowned the feeble utterances of his compeers. A plucky and dashing speculator, Davies afforded a pleasing contrast to the so-called "Leviathans" of this degenerate age, who diligently pare down the odds, and can only be induced to open their mouths wide with offers against a "safe 'un." Davies, on the contrary, invariably laid fair, and in many cases what might be considered extravagant odds; but by this means he attracted great custom, and notwithstanding the liberties he occasionally took, was never known to make default, thus showing, beyond a doubt, what good business book-making must really be, even if conducted on the principle of laying the most liberal of odds. His Derby book seldom proved a profitable speculation, for the public, he said, could always spot the winner in half-a-dozen; but, nevertheless, Davies was still ready to accommodate his numerous clientele during the winter with regard to their Derby fancies, saying that his custom on other events amply repaid

him for the losses resulting from a little fancy speculation once a year.

During next month there will be plenty of weeding out sales at Albert Gate, a large draft from the Manton stable being among the earliest to face the hammer; and it is invariably the custom of Mr. Crawford to make a clean sweep of all "useless mouths" before they get a chance of eating their heads off during the winter. Mr. Waring and Mr. Everitt are both weeding out their collections of brood mares, a process which must occasionally take place in all stud farms; and, doubtless, other breeders will take advantage of the opportunity for sending up what "spares" they are anxious to draft.

The result of the Cesarewitch has had less effect than usual on the market for the Cambridgeshire, but of course Westbourne was bound to get a rise, and to our thinking he must be a most formidable candidate for the last great handicap at head-quarters. For favourites hailing from Phantom Cottage we have no partiality, and firmly as Ragman holds his own, we shall not be found among his supporters; nor has Leoville charms for us at present, though we must hold the party behind him in certain respect. Exeter may be found a trifle lacking in dash for an encounter demanding so large a share of that quality; but La Merville must once more be kept on the safe side, as we have reason to believe she is well, and we know the course will be to her liking. Lady Lumley, after the success of Chippendale in the Cesarewitch, is certain to find backers, and we know she can go a hopper on the T.Y.C., while she has a nice racing weight, and will be served by the hill. Still we have slight doubts as to her ability quite to stay the mile and 240 yards, ably as her sire compassed it, and we would rather back another of See Saw's children, Discord, if we knew all was right with him, for his Cesarewitch running told us absolutely nothing. Adamite cannot be trusted to do his best in such a crowd as will breast the Criterion Hill this day forthright; Flotsam is reported unsound of wind, and Lancastrian surely has too much weight, well as he ran over a portion of this identical track last back end. Nothing in the list of contents looks so tempting as Lord Clive, if we could be content to ignore his recent form, which we are half inclined to do, looking at the great chance given him over his favourite distance. Those fond of a fairly long shot should not allow the dark chesnut to run loose, and our only doubt concerning him is, whether he will give his backers a run for their money. We shall have something more to say about the Cambridgeshire in our next issue.

Wednesday, October 8.

SKYLARK.

HOMBURG AS IT IS.

On revisiting Homburg, after a lapse of several years, writes a correspondent of our contemporary, *The Parisian*, the thought is suggested to my mind that it cannot but be extremely mortifying to every patriotic and peripatetic Englishman, with his well-known love for acquisition of territory, to observe that the dimensions of the British Empire are slowly but steadily suffering reduction in these latter years. To-day I am forced to admit that Homburg is lost to her, probably for ever. Topographical and ethnological pedants of the German persuasion may, and doubtless will, insist that Homburg, once the capital of an infinitesimal German Burgraviate, then a Prussian provincial town, and now an integral cipher in the huge total that is inscribed upon the slate of Europe as the "German Empire," never did or could belong to Britannia, and that any insular pretensions to that effect should be promptly met by an earnest, indignant protest from the representatives of the Fatherland accredited to the Court of St. James. The Germans have become so tetchy and susceptible since they cemented their tribes together into a nation with Danish, Austrian, and French blood, that their readiness to take offence is only equalled by the alacrity which they display in promoting their own interests; but I hope that my assertion, based upon several consecutive years' experience in this breezy sanitarium, that up to the end of a few years ago Homburg was, to all practical intents and purposes, a British colony, will not be the immediate cause of any particular trouble between the two nations. Homburg is German enough now, goodness knows, and is likely to remain so; but only a few years ago it was the gayest and most agreeable of English watering-places. English respectability sat enthroned upon its airy terraces; lords and commons, the church and the bar filled its lodging houses and hostleries; British athletes played cricket and rounders in its meadows; British snobs made themselves truly objectionable in its gilded halls and flower-gemmed gardens. The English idiom was as natural to Homburg as to Harrogate or Oxford. You could speak German, if you liked, to a person you met in the street, with a chance of being understood, but so you can in English towns. If you strolled into an eating-room, and asked for lunch, the waiter instinctively suggested: "beef-steak or chop, sir, and bottle of porter, sir;" and manifested surprise, tempered with pity, if you evinced a preference for any less English repast. English sovereigns were as current, and went as far, in the Lichtensteinstrasse as they are in the Strand: Harvey's sauces, mixed pickles, Sangster's umbrellas and Atkinson's perfumes were staples of Homburg commerce. Just as Baden-Baden was essentially French, and Wiesbaden mainly Russian, so was Homburg English.

But the English have lost Homburg, or, perhaps, it would be strictly correct to say, Homburg has lost them, and the pleasant little settlement has been converted into a dull, discontented, rapidly deteriorating, fifteenth-rate German provincial town, a Krahwinkel of the 19th century, a mollusquian retreat, calm, uneventful, tiresome. The human oysters that here abide have, fortunately for themselves, achieved a fitness, the result of many years' prosperity, that will enable them to subsist upon their surplus adiposity for the rest of their natural lives, and bequeath to the next generation of bivalves a comfortable competence, but their cumulative days are over. A population of lodging-housekeepers and tradesmen, bereft of lodgers and customers, offers a spectacle calculated to awaken compassion in the breasts of gods and men. Grass does not yet grow in the streets of Homburg; but it is not necessary to project the mind far into the vista of coming years to foresee the period during which hotel proprietors shall mow the hay crops waving luxuriantly before their doors, and the parterres environing the Cursaal shall furnish an abundant annual field of forage for Prussian dragoon horses. Signs of decay abound throughout the pretty park-like grounds, that once were the favourite rendezvous and lounge of the *élite* of English and American society. No longer are the lawns kept velvety smooth, the flower-beds daintily filled with dazzling combinations of floral colour; no trophies of rare exotics adorn the noble entrance-hall of the "conversation" rooms, as the play saloons, in virtue of a pleasant fiction, were called. For whom, indeed, should these pleasures be swept and garnished? There is nobody here. Profound solitude may be achieved at any hour in any part of the grounds, save where a few melancholy invalids—genuine ones—loiter sadly by the mineral springs, slowly degustating their curative nastiness. To these hygeian fountains must you repair, would you contemplate your fellow-man in Homburg. Whoever thought of visit-

ing the wells in the pre-1873 times? I protest that I have been a regular visitor at this holiday haunt for many years past, and never knew where they were situated until the other day, when a young American lady insisted on conducting me to them, in order that I might see "how funny the people looked after swallowing the waters." The proportion of persons who frequented Homburg with a view to draughts of diluted sulphur and iron was to the gross number of annual visitors as—say, duty to pleasure. The air, which was and is most exhilarating, was a great attraction, so was the good company; but the play was the thing that drew the majority of pleasure-seekers to the Tannus; and when the mushroom morality of a Government that fathers a State lottery and has made pretty free with other peoples' property for the last nine years or so put the play down, the fortunes of Homburg, and of more than one cheery place beside, fell from their high estate never to rise again!

Every part of Homburg, so desolate and lifeless is the once-crowded and gay little *bourg*, is to the mind, of one who knew and loved it in its palmy days, provocative of mournful retrospection; but the saddest contrast of all between past and present is afforded by the glass-covered terrace that runs along the whole inside façade of the Cursaal, beginning where Chevet's used to be and finishing at a certain handsome flight of stone steps that led up to a gorgeous *salon* which Mrs. Grundy—dear, amiable woman—use to traverse now and then, scornfully sniffing at the frailties of poor human nature. She never played; oh, dear no! or, if she did, 'twas vicariously, which, as all moralists must admit, is quite another thing; she never dreamed of polishing up her exiguous attractions with belladonna, Fay's powders and pigments, and violently despised the pretty players and promenaders who, so to speak, accented their beauty by such "artful expedients." She was "real," she was, and tolerably disagreeable withal. We wondered why she came so regularly to Homburg as she did; it never set up for being the home of the virtues, though, perhaps, it was not so very much worse than other places after all. Mrs. Grundy did not take the waters; the condition of her health was unexceptionable. She did not care much about the music on the lawn; she was a great deal too good to attend the balls or theatrical performances. Could it be that she especially affected Homburg because it was frequented by a considerable number of persons upon the rank pasture of whose bad characters she could graze her Pharisaical will? Come here and you will see that she spends her autumn holiday elsewhere now that Homburg is insipidly free from all that could revolt her moral sense.

But to return for a minute or two to the poor, dismal, deserted terrace, upon which smiling and deft French waiters used to swiftly thread their way through a very maze of crowded circular tables, at which some of the nicest people alive were seated, pleasantly chatting, smoking, and absorbing "consummations" that, for the most part, cheered but not inebriated. Every now and then a wave of colour and a *frou-frou* would surge out of Chevet's or the long play-room, and sweep along that dainty terrace, followed by admiring eyes. It was a *chef-lieu* of *raconteurs*, a gathering place of pretty women, a rendezvous of clever men. The next terrace below could show more peers, plutocrats and titles, but the brightest talkers sat under the glass as though they esteemed it to be a forcing-house for humorous exotics. I have been a half-dozen times on that terrace to-day, and have heard nothing but business slang (in German, too!) and stale political discussions, vociferated over coffee and rolls by Teutons, whose coats and boots must be seen to be believed in. There was music this afternoon—a good band, excellently conducted, performed a well-chosen and agreeable programme. Perhaps two hundred people in all constituted the audience, and not more than ten were foreigners. A few Frankfurt brokers have come over by train, for the weather was fine; two small but rheumatic English families were strongly established on the upper terrace; and the rest of the company was Homburgian, pure and unadulterated. The natives looked sad—as well they might. Those splendid refectory halls, which were Chevet's, and are rapidly ruining the enterprising German who succeeded him, were totally empty. So were the handsome *salons* formerly devoted to the Chances. In the long room (out of which the *Salon d'Or* projects on one side—it was so called because no silver stake was allowed to be set upon the table) a small stage was being built. In the smaller play-rooms are set out sober chess and whist tables, at which I have not yet seen a single human being seated since I arrived here. The state rooms upstairs are kept locked and darkened. "O'er all there hangs a shadow and a gloom."

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN has, we regret to hear, been obliged to give up playing the part of Madame Favart at the Strand Theatre owing to her delicate health. The rôle has, however, found an able and accomplished interpreter in Miss St. Quintin, a young lady who has made very rapid progress in a department of art which requires not only dramatic ability, but sound musical culture.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE DORKING COACH HORSES.—The team of horses which have worked the London and Dorking Coach this season have been sold at Aldridge's Repository. The entire stud of thirty-two horses realised a total of 1,803 guineas, averaging 56 guineas each. The top-priced horses were Harkaway (100 guineas) and Perfection (120 guineas).

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—The dairy show which will open next Monday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, will receive prominent attention from German dairy producers, no fewer than 140 entries in the classes of butter and cheese having been made by them. The great improvements which have taken place in this branch of farming of late years in Germany have been achieved under the auspices of the so-called "Müchwirtschaftliche Verein," which has also undertaken all the arrangements necessary for the successful management of this year's exhibition.

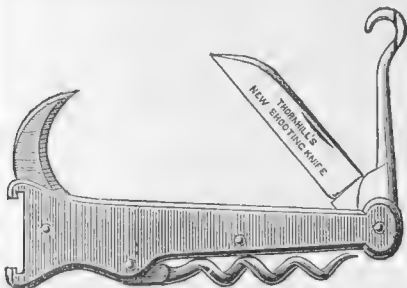
CUB HUNTING IN KENT AND SURREY.—The Surrey Foxhounds, which have been kept to kennel later than usual this season, in consequence of so much corn standing out in the districts of West Kent and East Surrey, have this week commenced brushing the coverts for fox cubs and giving the young hounds blood, and several good litters of fox cubs have been found and driven out of their lairs.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club Stewards at Newmarket on Wednesday, all the additions which appeared in the last "Calendar" were passed. It was also decided that Kaleidoscope was not in the race at Ayr, but that the race remains otherwise valid. The opinion of the Club was taken and was favourable to a rule being made to prohibit jockeys from owning racehorses and betting.

LANSDALE, the jockey, met with a severe accident while riding Mr. H. Jennings's Gavroche on Wednesday morning. The horse rolled over him, and he now lies at Chantilly, small hopes being entertained of his recovery.

One of the competitors in the six days' walking match, which is now taking place in Bingley Hall, was so prostrated by exhaustion from excessive walking that he had to be taken to the Queen's Hospital, where he now remains as an in-patient. The name of the pedestrian is George Pettitt, Kilburn, London, and at the hour he was compelled to leave the track he had walked 142 miles.

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NEW SHOOTING KNIFE.
THE GERMAN SILVER SIDES FORM
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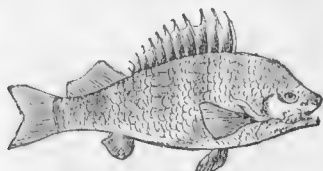
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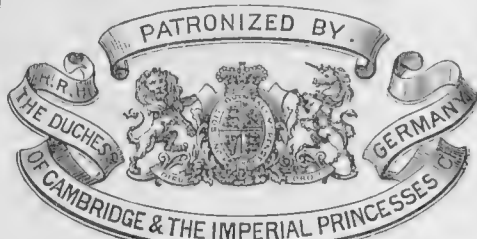
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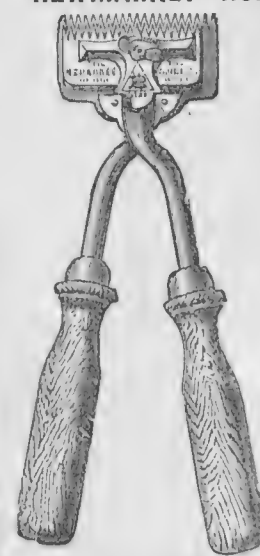
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MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN (Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London) will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, on Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1879, THIRTY-FIVE HORSES, which have been working the West Wickham and Beckenham Coach. These Horses, have been carefully selected and comprise many well-matched pairs, suitable for Landau, Phaeton, Victoria or single harness work, they having been chosen for their action and manners. All have been driven in single and double harness. Amongst them are some good useful Hunters up to weight.

The following descriptions are given for the information of intending purchasers only, and not in any case as a warranty:—

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SELBY, brown gelding, leader, quiet in single harness, hunter.
SEEKER, bay gelding, leader and wheeler, quiet in single harness, hunter.
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SALAMANDER, chestnut gelding, leader and wheeler, quiet in single harness, and a good hack.
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SNUFF, dun gelding, leader and wheeler, quiet in single harness, and carries a lady.
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SYMMETRY, bay gelding, leader, quiet in single harness.
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MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, London, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, October 20th, 1879, TWENTY VALUABLE HORSES. These Horses have all been purchased in Norfolk, and have been most carefully and successfully selected from those Breeders whose Stock has been got by the celebrated Norfolk Trotting Stallions. Many of them are old-fashioned Roadsters showing great power, with pace. Very good-looking matched Teams, Pairs, Phaeton, and Buggy Horses, and weight-carrying Hunters. A great advantage in purchasing is the knowledge that these Horses have been, for six months, at work in the Coach, and they are all quiet in Harness. They may be seen daily in the Coach, now leaving the Swan at Ditton, at 8.15 a.m., returning from the White Horse Cellar, at 5.0 p.m. On view at Aldridge's, on Tuesday, October 28th, and until the Sale.

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MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Andover and Weyhill Company's Stables at Cricklewood, on Thursday, October 23rd, 1879, 40 HUNTERS, in hard condition and fit to go. The Horses will be on show three days prior to sale, when they can be tried over every description of fences, and will be ridden and jumped at the time of sale. They will be guaranteed in eyes and wind, and veterinary inspection is invited.

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To secure Stalls they must be engaged early. (The OLD BEARDSWORTH'S YARD. Established 1799.)

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A VALUABLE WEIGHT-CARRYING HUNTER, 16 hands; also FOUR SPLENDID CARRIAGE HORSES, CARRIAGES, and HARNESS to be SOLD, in consequence of the owner going abroad.—Address, "H. D. 117," care of Messrs. Deacons, 154, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

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THE ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY (Limited) beg to announce that, having made special arrangements with their agents, they will in future have on SHOW a large number of IRISH and ENGLISH BRED HUNTERS of good quality and character. They have now a very large number on show; amongst them are a few good Servants' Horses. A selection of Riding and Harness Horses, ready for immediate use, always on hand. Also, several horses suitable for chargers.

Communications addressed to Mr. Lansley, Andover, Hants, or Mr. Newman, Cricklewood (three miles and a half from London on Edgware-road), N.W., will receive prompt attention.

ANDOVER AND WEYHILL HORSE COMPANY (LIMITED).

The Directors of the above Company having decided to hold an ANNUAL SALE of HUNTERS, beg to announce their FIRST SALE will take place at their LONDON ESTABLISHMENT, CRICKLEWOOD, upon THURSDAY, October 23rd, when Messrs. FREEMAN will OFFER for SALE about FORTY high class genuine HORSES, all of which have been hunted at least one season in England or Ireland, and most of them have been purchased from the breeders.

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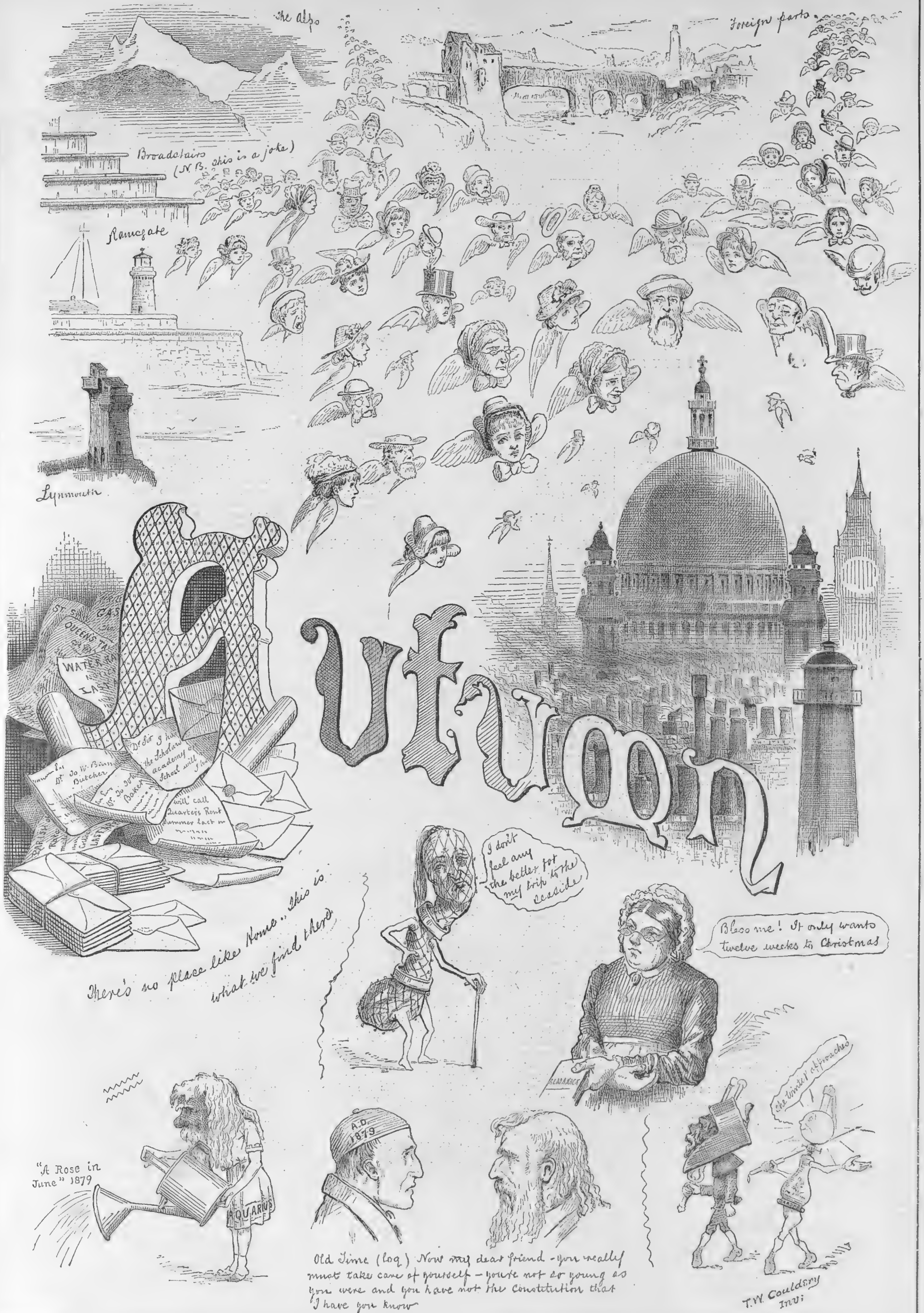
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

HENRY GREENSON.—Mr. W. Davidge, of Daly's Theatre, New York, has most kindly answered your question. Lyssander Hill Thompson made his first appearance in London at the Olympic as Tyke, *School for Reform*, February 4, 1843; made his first appearance in New York at Burton's Theatre, August 10th, 1853, in the same part. Died in Brooklyn, New York, July 23rd, 1854, aged 37.
B. H. L.—The age of a young lady is a question which we should scarcely feel justified in answering, even if we knew.
T. B. T.—At the Strand, with a cast including Messrs. Emery, David, James, W. Belford; Miss Nelly Moore and Miss Fanny Gwynne.
HAMLET.—Mr. Irving has been an actor for twenty years.
H. R. S.—If you knew who the brothers were, you would not say so.
PITTITE.—The last season. The Haymarket is now being altered for the new tenancy.
ANTONIO.—It will be the next production. The date is not fixed, but it will take place in about five weeks. Preparations are being made.
INQUIRER.—Miss Ellen Terry succeeded Mrs. John Wood in that part. The story was first published in the *Graphic*.
B. B.—It is not at all unlikely that some day you may be gratified. The subject has more than once been suggested.
HERBERT T.—Sister.
NAT.—At what was in those days called the Holborn Theatre.
E. R. W.—An elephant appeared first on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre in 1811, when that house was under the management of Mr. H. Harris.
HOXTONITE.—Curtain-road is supposed to have derived its name from the theatre which received its name, The Curtain, from standing in what was called the curtain or inner close of Halliwell Priory, and not from its stage being concealed by a curtain before the performance.
S. JACKSON.—Mrs. Bellamy was born in 1733, and took her final leave of the stage in the *Tragedy of Braganza* in April, 1785—some authors say May. She published in her "Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy" an account of her private and professional career in five volumes, some few years before receiving this farewell benefit. Charles Dibdin described her acting as "natural, easy, chaste, and impressive." She died in the spring of 1788.
H. ROWLAND.—The old play of the *Castle Spectre*, with music by Kelly, was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre and delighted some generations of playgoers before it gradually ceased to appear. It enjoyed at first an unusually long run and was frequently revived with great success.
E. G. WHARTON.—The St. James's Theatre was opened in 1859 by Mr. F. B. Chatterton on October 1st.
G. E. L.—There was in existence a tinder-box said to be Shakespeare's, with three lines of blank verse upon it, said to be of his composing. It was put up for sale, and realised £10. It bore the date 1592, and was in the collection of a Mr. W. Forster, of Golden-square, together with a black fish-skin pocket-book, dated 1592, also supposed to have been Shakespeare's, which sold for £45. There was sold at the same time a letter, said to be written by Shakespeare to Sir Thomas Constantine Cambell, in November, 1609. More clumsy forgeries it would not be easy to manufacture. When last we heard of them they were in the possession of Mr. H. Butler, the theatrical agent.
PROVINCIAL.—Mr. H. Nye Chart made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells Theatre in August, 1849.

SPORTING.

HUNTING COUNTRY.—The Rugby course was unquestionably better, but courses are not the only things to be considered.
SWIMMER.—The story as told in our last issue was accurate on the authority of the *New York Times* and *Herald*.
TEN TO ONE.—Own brother to Isomony.
NEWMARKET.—Audrey won the Cesarewitch with 8st 5lb, and Muscovite with 8st 3lb, but they were both five-year-olds.
STOCKWELL.—Descendants of Stockwell won the Leger in 1860, 1861, 1862, 1864, 1866, and 1867. They were not all sons, however, for Caller Ou and Achievement were among the number.
H. H. S.—Systems are dangerous things. What you say is obviously true, but there are difficulties in the way of carrying it out which you perhaps do not think of.
DEE SIDE.—There is little to choose.
A. Z.—Fleur de Lis, Priam, Harkaway, Charles XII., and Canzon, each won the Goodwood Cup twice, and in consecutive years.
SOMA.—The Duke of Westminster gave 1,550 guineas for her.
DUTCHMAN.—His Majesty's colours are scarlet body and sleeves, black velvet cap with gold tassel; and the Prince of Wales's purple body with gold braid, scarlet sleeves, black velvet cap with gold fringe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CETWEAYTO.—We have heard of others who suffer in the same way, but never heard of a remedy.
W. GRIMSHAW.—The boatswain's whistle was originally that of naval officers of high rank. In the old ballad describing the defeat of Sir Andrew Barton the Pirate, by Lord Howard, we read:—
Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says
And never flinch before the foe,
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross
Until you hear my whistle blow.
The Earl of Southampton, High Admiral of England, is described as wearing, attached to a golden chain, his whistle of gold set with precious stones.
M. L. B.—No, the joke arose from the use of the northern word, *Kabage*, which means to steal.

AMELIA.—The *Family Herald* would have been a more suitable channel. We can only reply in the words of an old song:

First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned,
For when one awakes from its trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in a second.
And e'en should the second subside,
A lover need never despair,
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women—uncommonly fair.

GOOSER.—On the death of the widow of Tom Hood—author of "The Song of the Shirt"—her pension of one hundred a year reverted to the Government, and an appeal was publicly made on behalf of the orphans.

F. G. A.—Harriet Wilson was a real personage. One of her sisters married a peer of the realm. Her memoirs have, happily, long been out of print.

W. K.—The oldest watering-place in England is generally supposed to be Tunbridge Wells.

A. F. F.—Some lines on the Temple Gardens by Mr. Justice Hayes, a clever parody of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," answer your description.

C. B.—We have before stated that Baron Munchausen was a real personage and a famous liar, a Hanoverian nobleman who was alive and lying when the famous travels of his namesake were newly popular.

G. NEIGHBOUR.—The lines run:
"Derbyshire born, and Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' the arm, and weak i' the head."

K. M.—By Sydney Smith, who, summing up Dr. Bloomfield's charge to his clergy when he—the bishop—held a provincial see, wrote—we quote from memory—
"Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not;
Whate'er you do, eschew the Whigs,
And stay at home and mind the pigs.
And above all it is my particular desire
That once in each week you dine with the squire."

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

KING RING.

No one who has been brought into contact, in whatever capacity, with bettors and betting, say only for the last twenty years, can fail to have noticed the vast changes which have taken place among wielders of the metallic pencil, whether great or little men, doing business in recognised rings or in divers casual places, wherever sportsmen do mostly congregate. No one, so far as we are aware, has yet attempted to trace back to its original sources the institution to which recourse must be had for the transaction of that business without which, as we are informed on the highest authority, racing could not exist. In his multifarious illustrations of scenes and personages connected with the turf, that diligent compiler and indefatigable collector of sporting scraps, "The Druid," has, indeed, devoted a chapter to The Ring and the principal characters belonging to it; but his tales and traits furnish us with no information regarding the origin of the Ring as it now exists, though a very shrewd guess may be hazarded as to the circumstances which first called it into existence, and subsequently caused it to assume a distinct and separate status. Doubtless in early times, owners of horses (certainly individuals of a much less "mixed" character than at present) were content with wagering among themselves upon the issues to be decided by their animals, and were alternately layers and backers, as was determined by their connection with the various competitors in the race to be decided. Book-making, as we now understand the term, was an occupation of later growth, and its system was first projected and carried out by gentlemen speculators, as distinguished from the class into whose hands the game has now passed. It is not so very long since bookmaking may be said to have occupied the attention of amateurs, to the exclusion of the professional element which now monopolises it. Speculators of the calibre of Gully, and others well known in turf circles in his day may be said to have occupied the debateable ground between the "Corinthians" and the men of lower degree, with whom now appears to reside supreme authority in market movements, as well as the direction of affairs in connection with the destinies of candidates for the various events which excite speculation for some days or weeks previous to their decision. Verily there were "giants in those days," in comparison with whom our modern so-called leviathans sink into insignificance; for while few of the latter could hold a candle to their predecessors in point of credit, no comparison could be instituted between these Tritons, ancient and modern, as regards pluck, address, liberality of odds offered, and generally dashing method of doing business. Less than half a century ago the voice of a Stentor, the language of a costermonger, and the bounce of a cheap-jack counted for less in the estimation of speculators than they do at present; and men of a generation now nearly passed away would have turned their backs in contempt and disgust at the offerers of bets, with whose jargon their ears are now assailed, and would have ridiculed the so-called "odds" they have the presumption to offer. There was some chivalry and enterprise about speculators of the old school, who went in for the fun and danger of the game as much as for the profit it brought them; whereas now the cry is all for short odds and certain profits, and the game is essentially one of besting instead of betting. "King Ring" is the arbiter of prices, and the dictator of what those desirous of investing shall pay for their fancy; and though longer and more legitimate odds may be obtainable from members of the best known clubs and rooms, even among these there is no disposition to extend offers against anything but a "gone coon," nor to register any of those "sporting bets" which exist only in the highly-wrought fancies of reporters and Utopian visions of credulous enthusiasts. The lower we descend in the scale, the greater does the absurdity become, until its acme is reached in the dealings of investors of "dollars" and upwards with safe men, it is true, but with men who owe their solvency and safety to refusing to run the ordinary risks of speculators, and who proffer the most ridiculous odds as compared with newspaper quotations after the race. In this respect, however, the minnows do but ape the Tritons of the Ring, who, as a rule, have drawn in their horns to a considerable extent since the days when their predecessors were content to run some little risk of a losing account occasionally. There is the less excuse for all this paring down and shortening of the odds, for the reason that book-making, conducted on the

fairest and most liberal terms, is essentially a paying game in the long run; but its professors would now appear determined to make every race a winning one, and to imitate the example of the bag-man, whose stereotyped quotation was "3 to 1 against anything, bar two," and beyond this he firmly declined to extend his offers. With most of the ready-money men, indeed, as has been above remarked, it is not betting but besting; and doubtless the abolition of the lists has thrown a vast deal of business into the hands of these speculators. So long as it was lawful to wager at the many lists kept by respectable and solvent men the state of the odds was far more satisfactory than at present, and all that the list-men secured for themselves was the "turn of the market," which they appropriated by laying a point or two below the odds as publicly quoted. Now, however, that the Legislature has stepped in and placed a veto upon the transaction of business after this fashion, bettors in small sums must get their money on as best they can, and are driven to traffic with individuals whose policy is honest and straightforward enough as far as it goes, but who not unnaturally, seeing that their customers are fairly driven into a corner, take advantage of their position to offer them short odds or none. As to "starting prices," we would rather not touch upon such delicate ground, so many complaints and quarrels having originated through misunderstandings between layers and backers on this system, and Pilate's poser, "What is truth?" may often be fairly matched by the query, "What was such and such a horse's starting price?" Of course the origin of the abnormally short prices which the great body of backers of horses are now compelled to accept, or altogether to forego their wager, is to be referred to the plunging period (which, by the way, has many other sins to answer for), when to be "on at any price" was the motto of that reckless band which tried on the game of "breaking the ring," to the ultimate loss of money, position, and peace of mind. The evil which they did, however, lives after them, and they have left as a legacy to posterity a veritable heritage of woe in the shape of utter subjection to "King Ring." And since total abstinence from speculation, save on reasonable terms, is the only course likely to bring fielders to their senses, it may readily be imagined how hopeless is the look out, and we need not wonder at the numbers now ready to come forward and reap the golden harvest. Is it too much to hope or expect that some few among the "gentlemen" may take it into their heads to start the bookmaking business on their own account, and thus compel those to follow their lead who have hitherto dictated to backers conditions only acceptable by men with their necks under the yoke?

THE MAGAZINES.

Macmillan's is a varied and interesting number this month. Perhaps the first paper generally turned to will be the Rev. J. W. Horsley's "Autobiography of a Thief in Thieves' Language." A glossary is provided for the benefit of those whose unfortunate ignorance of the predatory classes may render such aid necessary. From one of the anecdotes related it appears that honour among thieves is not always to be found:—

"One day I went to Croydon and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large locket. So I took the rattler home at once. When I got into Shoreditch I met one or two of the mob, who said, 'Hallo, been out to-day? Did you touch?' So I said, 'Usher' (yes). So I took them in and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he bested (cheated) me because I was drunk, and only gave me £8 10s. for the lot. So the next day I went to him and asked him if he was not going to grease my duke (put money into my hand). So he said, 'No.' Then he said, 'I will give you another half-a-quid;' and said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.' So I thought to myself, 'All right, my lad; you will find me as good as my master,' and left him.

"Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob said to me, 'I have got a place cut and dried; will you come and do it?' So I said, 'Yes; what tools will you want?' And he said, 'We shall want some twirls and the stick (crow-bar), and bring a Neddle (life-preserver) with you.' And he said, 'Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at six to-night.' At six I was at the meet (trysting-place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.' He was going to the Surrey Theatre; so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place, and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle, which he had bought on the crook (dishonestly). A day or two after this I met the fence who I done; so he said to me, 'We have met at last.' So I said, 'Well, what of that?' So he said, 'What did you want to do me for?' So I said, 'You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.' That shut him up."

Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" is concluded in the present number. A review of the lately published life of Charles Mathews deserved a place in the magazine, and in a paper on Party Government, by the Rev. A. T. Davidson, some truths are well put. In criticising an article by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Davidson says:—

"The object of political articles like this one of Mr. Rogers's seems to be to show that there is more in a name than either Shakespeare or any one else appears to have considered. Let a Member of Parliament call himself Conservative, and he is of course, in the mouth of Mr. Rogers's friends, by very virtue of the title, 'obscure,' 'insolent,' 'double-tongued,' 'incapable,' 'a lover of class interests,' and so forth. Let him call himself Liberal, and it follows, as the night the day, that he is 'fearless,' 'intrepid,' 'far-seeing,' 'distinguished,' and 'of singular honesty.'"

The *Cornhill*.—Mr. Du Maurier's favourite big dog, so well known to all readers of *Punch*, has found its way to the illustration of "Mlle. de Mersac" which is progressing in a way that must be satisfactory to its readers, and the same may be said of "White Wings," though the artificial style of the author is at times displeasing. The story of "Madame de Sainte Folys's Babies" is neatly told; Tung-Tcheek is a grave humorist, whose acquaintance readers will certainly be glad to make. An appreciative estimate of Hans Sachs' rich but peculiar fancies is given in the article entitled "Hans Sachs and the Mastersong."

"Equally good," the writer says, "are his pictures of comic life. Alchemist and witch, priest and lawyer, showish wife and henpecked husband, none escape him; and the peasant, as we mentioned, have the lion's share of his satire. He is at his best when his humour has a purpose, when his love of

teaching and his love of laughter become indistinguishable. He warns those who consort with Hans Idle that soon their only cattle will be their cat; he pictures the Good Monday, a day on which workmen would not work, as a hideous beast, seven-legged, pot-bellied, with sharp teeth, and a bald head; it crawls fawning to his bedside when he lies too late—a night-crawls that might rouse the laziest dreamer. In his *Schlaufrassen*, or lubber's paradise, the German Land of Cockayne, roasted pigs run about with knives and forks in their backs; the ponds are full of nicely-boiled fish, and birds cooked to a turn fly into one's mouth; the trees grow pheasants, and the horses lay eggs. Men are paid twopence an hour for sleeping; if they gamble their money away, it is restored them double; if they cannot clear their debts, the creditor hands them the amount. The archer who shoots widest of the mark, the runner who is last in the race, receives the prize; the laziest is king, and the honest man is a rogue and a vagabond.

"Hans teaches without tediousness and laughs without guile. To modern readers he may sometimes seem profane; but no judgment could be more unjust. A refined man will treat every subject with delicacy, and a subtle man with subtlety; in the same way a humorist will always be humorous—and Hans is emphatically a humorist. With the gravest subject, with the most serious intention, he cannot suppress his genial smile; and because we feel that it is not quite in keeping, it makes us laugh outright. Thus it seems odd for a strict Lutheran to make fun of the devil, and the devil is Hans' favourite butt. When the Prince of Darkness is represented as a gay wooer, as a henpecked and then a runaway husband, as the dupe of an old witch, as rather stupid but perfectly good-humoured and harmless, it is impossible to keep one's gravity."

The paper on "Obod" picturesquely describes a part of Europe of which very little is known to Englishmen. There are also articles on "Robert Burns," on "Earth Born Meteorites," and a sonnet by Mr. Alfred Austen. "The awful moan of lone Eternity" is a good line; but the sonnet is not in the best style of the accomplished writer.

The *Gentleman's* is content with one novel, and this we think wise, for many of the monthlies are of little use to the very large class of occasional readers, so much of their space being devoted to isolated chapters of an unread book. Dr. Andrew Wilson writes instructively, yet without being tedious, "Concerning Protoplasm," and the Rev. M. G. Walkins in a paper on "Trout Fishing in Sutherlandshire," draws some very tempting pictures.

"The general weight of the trout in most of the open lochs of Sutherlandshire may be put down at a third of a pound. Every now and then a fish of three-quarters or even a pound will be taken, and at rare intervals one much bigger. In some of the reserved lochs, such as Lochs Craggie and Dowla, they are much larger, perhaps averaging two or even one to the pound. But an angler would be much mistaken who should estimate the sport likely to be afforded by fish running at three to the pound, with weaklings of the same size in an English stream. These are much more vigorous, as befits their northern ancestry, are dressed in more brilliant colours, and from having another chance for escape, the extreme depth of most Scotch lochs, fight for life with far more activity than many an English fish twice their size. But the above are the dimensions to be expected by fly-fishers. Of course trolling is open to fishermen, and then with the natural bait or with phantom minnows, fish of two, three pounds, or more are not uncommon, while the *salmo ferox* in such lakes as possess this monster, which owns the jaws of a pike as well as the strength and activity of a trout, may be caught up to 15 or 16 lbs. We say may be caught, but an enthusiast would probably require to troll many weeks before he would luckily take one of such a size. Still, small *feroces* running even to nine pounds are far from uncommon, and on a dull, heavy day the angler should in most lakes be able to secure two or three of these. An occasional salmon, too, may be found in such lochs as communicate with the sea. What Sutherlandshire trout lack in the matter of weight is abundantly compensated by their numbers (sixty, and eighty, or even a hundred a day being no unusual take), and by their vigorous resistance. In every 'burn' running into the lochs, hundreds of trout the length of the middle finger may be caught, together with an occasional patriarch of a pound or more, which has chosen a deep pool, and for months remorselessly slaughtered his smaller kith and kin within it. In fact, no better place for catching a large trout can be recommended to anglers than the sullen pool just above the embouchure of such a mountain burn into the loch. It is generally fringed with low scrub and birch trees, and if the angler wait for a breeze ruffling the waters under this fringe, and then drop a March brown of large size laced with gold tinsel into them, he will not often be disappointed of his prey. All these brown trout, little or big, are alike firm and pinky in colour when they leave the hands of the chef, and once more confront their taker at the breakfast-table."

M. Catulle Mendès has an ably-written and interesting paper on "Recent French Poets," and the subject is, we are glad to see, to be continued. François Coppée is among those dealt with in the present number, but it is strange to observe that from the list of his works that charming little play, *Le Luthier de Cremona*, is omitted. Mr. Mew has a comprehensive essay on "The Drama of Cervantes," and Mr. Walford describes "A Pilgrimage to the Birthplace of Nelson." On one occasion, when the parishioners of Burnham Overy were "beating the bounds," Nelson went with them, and was carried over a brook on the shoulders of a stalwart countryman. "Have not I done the right thing, sir?" he asked the hero of Trafalgar, as he sat him down dry on the other side. "No," replied Nelson "you should have dropped me into the brook, and then everybody present would have remembered the circumstance." A peculiar feature of the "Table Talk" is Sylvanus Urban's statement that he has repeatedly seen French children at dinner-tables affected by wine.

In *Belgravia* we again find Dr. Andrew Wilson, who in "Threads and Thrums in Lower Life" has a very interesting paper on spiders, mussels, and other creatures which spin. "Dr. Barberon: the Story of a French Trial for Murder" is long and not particularly exciting; it might even be called dull and wanting in incident; but with a story by Mr. James Payn in the number and the continuation of Mr. Charles Gibbon's "Queen of the Meadow" there is no reason to complain of the fiction. Mr. Payn's "Honest Farmer" is told with his accustomed humour. Mr. Dutton Cook has an article on "A Book of the Opera," treating chiefly of Herr Wagner, of whose indomitable industry we quote an example on the evidence of M. Roché, a young writer who adapted *Tannhäuser* to French words.

"He (Wagner) came at seven in the morning; we were at work without rest or respite until midday. I was bent over my desk, writing, erasing, 'cherchant la fameuse syllabe qui devait correspondre à la fameuse note, sans cesser néanmoins d'avoir le sens commun'; he was erect, pacing to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, striking the piano, shouting, singing, for ever bidding me 'Go on! go on!' An hour or even two hours after noon, hungry and exhausted, I let fall my pen. I was in a fainting state. 'What's the matter?' he asked. 'I am hungry.' 'True—I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack, and go on again.' Night came and found

us still at work. I was shattered, stupefied. My head burned; my temples throbbed; I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music; he was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our toil, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, like one of Hoffmann's creations, 'Go on! go on!' while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music."

London Society is brighter this month. A novel, entitled "Miss Monkton's Marriage," by the author of "A French Heiress in Her Own Château," is begun, and there are no fewer than a dozen other papers in prose and verse. We like best of these, "Sussex Downs and Villagers," "The Story of a Great Pest"—the *phylloxera aptère*, and "How I Spent my Holiday in Town," in which Mr. W. W. Fenn's cheery style carries the reader very pleasantly along. The frontispiece, "Pensive Moments," is spoiled by the wooden hair which the young lady wears in place of the ordinary material.

Baily's portrait is of Lord Ellesmere, but it is less successful than the likenesses usually are. The original does not look by many years as old as his picture seems to represent him. Some stories and sayings of the late Mr. John Warde, M.F.H., are told, but so much depends upon the manner of the telling that they do not appear to advantage in print. "Never buy a horse from a rich man who hunts," and "the age of a horse is his legs," are words of wisdom that always bear quoting. "Cub-hunting in Meath" is well described by one who knows his subject. "A Dead Sell" is a capital horse-dealing story. Crutcher, of the firm of Crutcher and Cain, had sold an intractable and vicious horse to a very amiable old gentleman. The brute had been doctored into a state of quietude, but in a gentleman's stable soon returned to his own unpleasant self, and one day bolted, kicked the trap to pieces, broke the coachman's leg, and severely injured the owner.

"Mr. Crutcher knew his time was come now, and so did Cain; but they were men of ready resources, and had got out of nearly as bad cases before. They were both afraid of law, but as long as they could keep clear of that felt pretty safe. For a fortnight they heard nothing about the affair, and then Crutcher found that the old gentleman had so far recovered that he was coming into Ransmoor next market day to see him. Then he laid his plans accordingly. Punctual to a minute, at his regular time, in drove the old gentleman, and almost the first person he saw when his horses were put up and he emerged from the inn-yard was Tom Cain, dressed in deep mourning, and with a huge streamer of crape flowing from his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Cain, I wished to speak with you for a moment, but I fear you are in sorrow, and I had better defer it; or, perhaps I could see your partner, Mr. Crutcher."

"Poor fellow! you will never see him again, sir," replied Cain; dropped dead sudden three days ago, and we've just buried him; stout man, you see, sir, had to be buried quickly. Bad job for his poor wife."

"Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing up his hands, "how very sad. I came in about a mare that nearly killed me—but perhaps you know?"

"Yes, sir; I do. I am sorry to say Crutcher behaved very badly over that. He knew she was a kicker, sir."

"Did he? Well, well; I am sorry to hear it, but, poor fellow, he's dead and gone, and I don't know what I can say."

"Yes, sir, he did; and that is not the worst, for now he is gone I find he has run up a lot of debts in the name of the firm, and I shall have to pay them, which will just about ruin me—things owing which I thought he had paid for years ago."

"Sad, sad; worse and worse," said the kind old man. "Well, I had come to tell him that I should exact the money paid for the mare, the repairs to my carriage, and compensation to William for his broken leg; but what can I say now he is dead? I don't know, I really don't."

"I will do all I can, sir, to meet you, if you give me time to turn round a little; but just now I am fairly ruined, and have not twenty pounds in the world (true enough), as everybody has rushed in for their money now he's gone. His wife and children must go to the union or starve."

"Well, well, Mr. Cain, will you tell Mrs. Crutcher I forgive her husband for taking me in. And—and—yes, ask her to accept this from me just to help her over her trouble" (putting a ten-pound note into Cain's hand), "poor woman; and now look me out something suitable as soon as you can. It is a sad business, and we must forget it."

"Mr. Crutcher, it need not be said, was during the time of the interview following his usual avocation of buying horses, which his death never for a moment interrupted."

The Theatre.—The satirist who treats the excellent subject of Mr. Charles Reade's method of letter-writing uses rather blunt weapons, and is a trifle heavy in style when he should be light and pointed. The other contents are amusing, as usual. Mr. Byron's "About going on the Stage" is a paper that will be read with great interest. A gentleman of mixed nationality, named Frédéric O'Keene, writes of M. Sardou at Marly, and Mr. Palgrave Simpson, under the title of "A Bed of Thorns," tells what we may surely assume to be the history of the production of *Zillah*, by Miss Genevieve Ward, at the Lyceum. The portraits this month are of Miss Lottie Venne, an exceedingly clever young actress, who has a brilliant future before her, and of an actor whose face and name are not altogether unknown—Mr. J. L. Toole. Of everybody's friend's first appearance the story is thus related:—

"Towards the close of an autumnal day in 1838, Mr. E. L. Blanchard happening to pass through Shorne, a village about four miles from Gravesend, came upon the oddest group imaginable. 'A little boy, scarcely six years of age, was the centre,' we are told, 'of an admiring throng of urchins, who seemed to be in the most exuberant state of delight at each fresh comicality of the entertainment, which seemed to consist of an imitation of a farm-yard, with a few voices dexterously thrown in. It was over before I could discover the reason for the merry peals of childish laughter which had reached me, but in a few moments the extremely juvenile monologist recommenced his performance without becoming aware of another being added to the audience. A dexterous rearrangement of his pinafore, a twist of his child's cap, and a small stick snatched from the hedge, and there was the miniature figure of an old man tottering rather than toddling about the garden; the few words uttered in simulated tones serving to identify a resemblance which evidently left the diminutive spectators in no doubt as to the fidelity of the likeness. Then came change of face, another readjustment of the pinafore, and an altered tone, with a word and a whistle given by turns. This was quickly accepted as a faithful portraiture of a comic countryman well-known to the highly appreciative little assembly, and tiny hands were clapped gleefully as the voice of the rustic, simulated in childish treble, was heard to proclaim the necessity of giving something to an old grey mare. In answer to my inquiry as to the name of the amusingly precocious young gentleman, a giggling damsel, scarcely ten, lisped out, 'It's only a little London boy down for his health, sir.' That little London boy was John Lawrence Toole."

The University Magazine gives a good portrait of Mr. Arthur

Sullivan, and a biography consisting mainly of newspaper cuttings. One of the few original remarks the author ventures upon is that Mr. F. C. Burnand wrote the libretto of *Trial by Jury*. This will astonish Mr. W. S. Gilbert as much as it will Mr. Burnand and Mr. Sullivan. "Hagen's Death Song" scarcely receives justice from the translator. The other papers are, as usual, for the most part very well written.

Scribner's is as usual a charming number. Had we to make choice of one magazine to read every month we should certainly choose *Scribner* from all the rest, and, moreover, look forward to receiving it. The little illustrations are exceedingly tasteful and picturesque. "Field Sports in Minnesota" will interest readers of this journal, but nearly every page is readable.

The Atlantic Monthly. Of several commendable articles in this magazine we prefer "The Venus of Milo" and the essay on "Meyerbeer."

The New Monthly Magazine. Photographs and well written biographies are now a leading feature in *Colburn's Magazine*—to adopt the old name. This month Messrs. George F. Armstrong, M.A., Richard Tangye, and Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., are selected. "The Arch of Ctesiphon" displays much archaeological knowledge on the part of its author. "Evolution and Spiritualism" is a rather dull dissertation on what has frequently been said before.

We had left until last Messrs. Cassell's publications, but they demand more space and attention than we can give to them this week.

EDMUND KEAN AS SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

At the present time when Mr. Henry Irving's genius and consummate art are putting life into a wretchedly written play, Macready's criticism on Mr. Edmund Kean's performance of the part will be of interest. In his diary Macready wrote thus: "Kean's appearance in two new characters—Sir Edward Mortimer in Colman's play of *The Iron Chest*, and Oroonoko in Southern's play of that name—attracted me two nights at Drury Lane, and confirmed my opinion of his unquestionable genius. The house was very good, but not full, to *The Iron Chest*; to Oroonoko it was indifferent. Sir Edward Mortimer was one of Kean's most finished portraitures. He had grasped the complete conception of the character, the Falkland of Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, and was consistently faithful to it through every varied shade of passion. There was an absence of all trick in the performances. Scarcely once through the whole part did he give way to that unpleasant mode of preluding a sentence (an occasional habit with him) by a hesitation, or a sound as of a half laugh, like a clue for the applause of clappers. He had subjected his style to the restraint of the severest taste. His elocution was flowing, discriminating, and most impressive. In his deportment there was the dignified ease of one accustomed to receive obedience; the mild and gentle manner of his address to his dependants spoke the benevolence of his nature, while his woe-worn aspect told of some settled grief that was preying on his heart. The very mournfulness of tone in which, before his entrance, he called for 'Winterton,' prepared the spectator for the picture of blight and sorrow that his appearance presented. When in Wilford's utterance of the word 'Murder!' the chord was struck which seemed to vibrate through every fibre of his frame, the internal struggle to regain his self-possession quite thrilled the audience. His trembling hand turned over rapidly the leaves of the book he held, as if to search its pages, that were evidently a blank to his bewildered sight, till the agony of his feelings overbore all efforts at repression, and with a tiger fury he sprang upon the terrified youth. But to instance particular points in a personation disfigured by so few blemishes, almost seems an injustice to a most artistic whole. Throughout the play the actor held absolute sway over his hearers; alike when nearly maddened by the remembrance of his wrong and the crime it had provoked, in his touching reflections on the present and future recompense of a well-regulated life, in pronouncing the appalling curse on Wilford's head; or, when looking into his face, and in the desolation of his spirit, with a smile more moving than tears, he faintly uttered, 'None know my tortures!' His terrible avowal of the guilt that had embittered existence to him brought, as it were, the actual perpetration of the deed before us, the frenzy of his vengeance seemed rekindled in all its desperation, as he uttered the words, 'I stabbed him to the heart.' He paused as if in horror at the sight still present to him, and, following with his dilated eye the dreadful vision, he slowly continued, 'And my oppressor rolled lifeless at my foot!' The last scene was a worthy climax to a performance replete with beauties, that in its wildest bursts of passion never 'overstepped the modesty of nature.' Colman, who had tutored Elliston in the part, and frequently seen Young's very successful assumption of it, must have felt pride in witnessing this representation. He was more jealous of the effect of this than of any other of his dramas. He was put into a state of extreme perturbation once, on the occasion of a very indifferent player, who was the hero of a private theatre in the Tottenham Court-road, appearing as Mortimer at the Haymarket Theatre. On tenterhooks during the whole play, when in the last scene Falkner, the representative of Mortimer, exclaimed, in his delirium, 'Where is my honour now?' Colman could not restrain himself, but called out, 'I wish your honour was in Tottenham Court-road again, with all my heart!'"

THE RUFFORD HOUNDS.—Mr. C. A. Egerton has intimated his intention to the committee of giving up the mastership of these hounds.

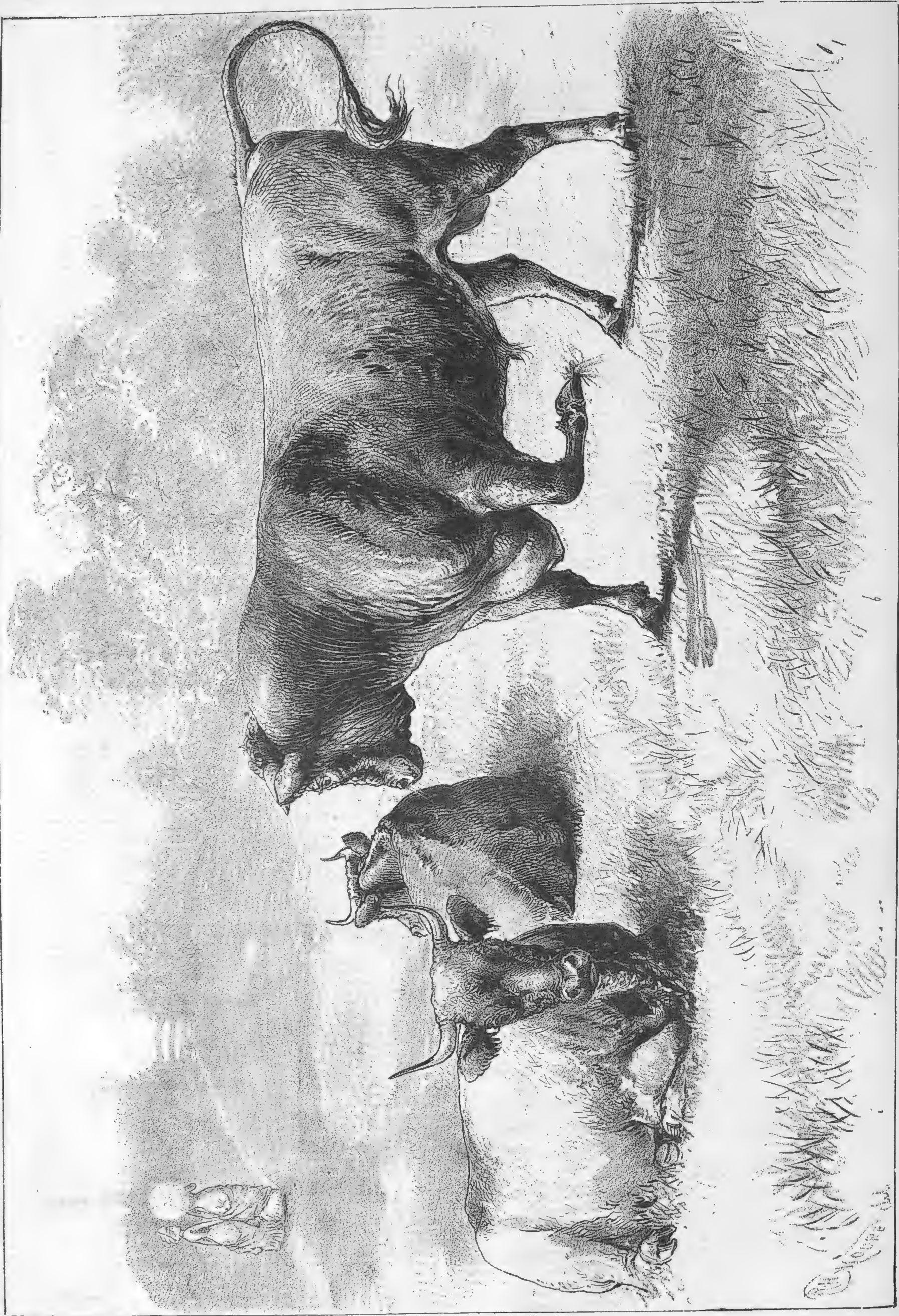
ISLE OF WIGHT FOXHOUNDS.—Mr. J. Bellamy has resigned the mastership, and the pack will now be hunted by Mr. W. B. J. Cotton, of Afton, Freshwater. The kennels have been moved there from Marvel. We understand Mr. Bellamy is on the look out for another pack.

COUNTY LIMERICK FOXHOUNDS.—Sir D. V. Roche, who has hunted the country for eighteen years, has retired from the mastership. For the future the hunt will be managed by a committee, consisting of Captain Croker, Mr. John White, and Mr. H. S. Croker. John Kennedy, formerly first whip, is retained as huntsman. Sir David Roche has kindly given the hunt the use of his kennels at Carras.

THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS will meet on Saturday, October 11, at Dyke; Monday, 13th, at Patcham; Wednesday, 15th, at Ovingdean; Saturday, 18th, at Southwick, at 11.

HUNTING FETES AT CHANTILLY.—The *fêtes* given by the Duke d'Aumale at Chantilly during the hunting season will be this year of exceptional magnificence, as they will be accompanied by a grand housewarming of the château, which has been completely restored. They will last from the 18th to the 21st, will comprise hunting parties, banquets, and balls, and will coincide with the autumn races.

THE LYONS DOWN HUNTERS' SHOW AND JUMPING COMPETITION will take place on Tuesday, October 14, 1879. In Class I. the first prize will be £20 and the second £10, for weight carriers, to carry not less than 13st. In Class II. the prizes are the same, for light weights, hunters' catch weights; entrance, £1. And Class III. is a sweepstakes; entrance-fee, 10s., with money added for cobs and ponies not exceeding 14 hands. Jumping will begin at 12 o'clock.



A DANGEROUS COLOUR.



"IN THE STILL LEAFY WOODLANDS."

Pungloss

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H.—Thanks for your welcome paper; at last we have arranged for the fulfilment of our promise.
 A. CYRIL PEARSON.—Your suggested amendment of E. J. L.'s puzzle (247), is, we believe, quite correct.
 E. G.—Mr. Blackburne says the true score in match games is 9 to 4 in his favour.
 S. E.—We shall be glad to receive the Sheffield games.
 F. D.—We regret the omission, and intend next week to do full justice to your admirable club.
 Solution of problem No. 249, by Juvenis, R. Moss, and A. G. is correct.

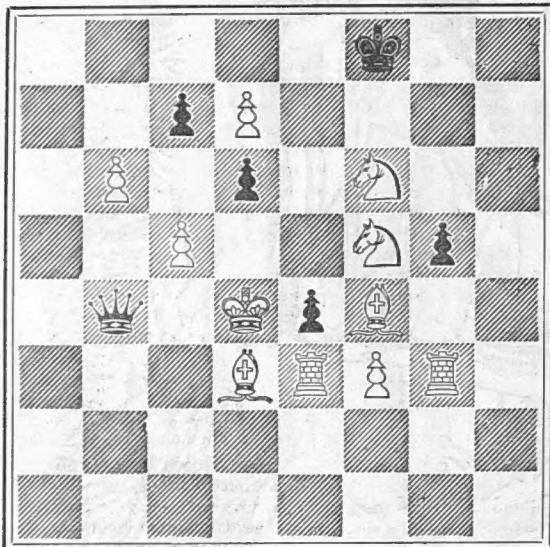
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 248.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. Kt to B 2 P to Q 4
 2. Kt to Q sq K takes P (a)
 3. Q to K 3 (mate) P takes P
 4. Q to Q 6 (mate).

PROBLEM No. 250.

By M. EMILE FRAN.
 (From "La Strategie.")

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played a few days ago in a match now pending between Messrs. Block and Beardsell.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE. (Mr. Block.)	BLACK. (Mr. Beardsell.)	WHITE. (Mr. Block.)	BLACK. (Mr. Beardsell.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	25. Q to B 3 (i)	Q to R 4
2. P to Q B 4	P takes P (a)	26. Q to Q 3	Q to Kt 5
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 3	27. P to K Kt 3	R to Q sq
4. P to K 3 (b)	Kt to K B 3	28. Q to B 2	R to Q 4
5. P to Q R 3 (c)	B to K 2	29. R to B sq	P to K R 4
6. B takes P	Castles	30. K to R sq	P to R 5
7. Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3	31. B takes B	Q takes B
8. Castles	P to Q Kt 4	32. R to B 4	P takes P
9. B to Q 3	B to Kt 2	33. P takes P	Q to R 4 (ch) (k)
10. P to K 4	P to R 3	34. K to Kt 2	P to B 4
11. B to B 2 (d)	Q Kt to Q 2	35. R to K R sq	Q to Kt 3 (i)
12. P to K 5	Kt to R 2	36. K R to R 4	R to Kt 2
13. Q to Q 3	P to K B 4	37. Q R to R 3	Q to K sq
14. B to Kt 3 (e)	Kt to B 4	38. Q to Q 2	P takes P
15. Q to B 2	Kt takes B	39. Q to R 6 (m)	R takes P
16. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2	40. Q takes R (ch)	K takes Q
17. Kt to K 2	Q R to K sq	41. R takes Kt (ch)	K to B 3
18. R to Q sq (f)	B to Q sq	42. Q to R 6 (ch)	K to Kt 4
19. Kt to K sq	Q to B 2	43. Kt takes P (n)	Q to K 6
20. P to B 4	K to R sq	44. K to B 2	Q to K R sq
21. Q to R 3	P to Kt sq (g)	45. Kt takes K P (ch)	R takes Kt
22. Kt to K B 3	P to K 4	46. R takes R	Q to K B sq
23. P takes P (h)	B takes Kt		
24. Q takes B	B takes P		

(a) P to K 3 is considered best.
 (b) Safe, but not so effective as P to K 4 now that Black has no Q P.
 (c) To prevent a move (B to Q Kt 5) that probably was not contemplated, and certainly ought not to have been feared.
 (d) Getting up a vain attack instead of bringing out his Queen's officers.
 (e) Dazed by his repulse, he ventures upon a fresh futile effort. B to K 3 was his proper course.
 (f) This square ought to have been reserved for the Q R.
 (g) Black's forces are now admirably disposed for an attack.
 (h) Taking the K R P would have involved White in disaster.
 (i) Practice with first-class players will soon cure Mr. Block of his intermittent passion for such weak moves as this.
 (k) Useless and hazardous.
 (l) The Q would have been more serviceable at K sq.
 (m) The key-move of a combination at once deep, sound, and pretty.
 (n) The spirit and judgment with which the end game is conducted on both sides are of the very highest order.

CHESS CHAT.

I did Mr. Steinitz an injustice last week which I now desire to repair. I then said that though he grasped the chess sceptre at Vienna in 1873, yet he never swayed it. The latter part of this statement is incorrect. He did sway the sceptre. For about two years his championship was acknowledged, and when Mr. Blackburne attempted to wrest it from him he was most decisively defeated. Strange in itself was the contest between these two players, and still stranger in its results. That any first-class player, as Mr. Blackburne undoubtedly is, should fail, in a long series of games, to score a single victory or even a draw against

another first-class player, which of itself would seem to indicate the utter inferiority in point of strength of the vanquished, can only be explained by the lack of some quality essential to success in a protracted campaign. The power of staying, as it is called in racing phraseology, or plodding, as it may be more appropriately termed in chess, is one for the want of which neither knowledge nor genius, both of which Mr. Blackburne possesses in abundance, will compensate. This quality became painfully conspicuous by its absence as soon as Mr. Blackburne had lost the second and third games in the match, after having had victory in each case in his grasp. After this collapse I remember I assumed the prophet's mantle, and with my mind's eye fixed upon the result, accorded to the match the title which is identified with the name of the fairest heathen goddess. The fact is, Blackburne has never exhibited his best play in a set match. There is a restlessness, an evident desire to bring the affair in hand to a speedy issue, which is fatal to success against a persevering and determined opponent. In the hope of shortening the duration of the match, he always plays for victory and scorns divided honours. An eminent authority, Mr. Boden, used to say to me when first I met him: "The man who attempts to win a drawn game always loses." I myself have had painful experience of the truth of that dictum. Mr. Blackburne is essentially a *tournament* player, and one of the highest order. Thus at Vienna in the tourney he beat Mr. Steinitz in the personal encounter, and made even games with him in the aggregate score; but in a set match, although it was a very short one, he succumbed. In the tourney he could and did give full scope to his imaginative powers, knowing that if he failed with one man he had the chance of atoning for the defeat by victory over another; but it was otherwise when he came to the final struggle for the first prize. Then failure could not be compensated for; the curb had to be put on the imagination, and the reins held tightly. Then Blackburne had to cease to be himself, and therefore was he beaten. He was not out-played by his opponent, but he under-played himself.

But strange as this contest was in itself, it was still stranger in its results. I hold that Blackburne's defeat therein did more to obtain for him the title of English champion than all his victories on other occasions. But this title was conferred upon him not for his deserts, but in accordance with a principle that obtains in hero-worship. The moment some enthusiasts find a little *deus* they worship him, and to justify their doing so ascribe to him all the excellences which are supposed to belong to a perfect being. Such a being did these persons recognise in Mr. Steinitz, and to justify their deification of him they exalted his well-beaten opponent to the position of English champion.

This subject reminds me of a question which I have been requested by a correspondent to answer, namely, "Who is the best English player?" I should like to discuss this question fully, but I have not time to do so this week, and therefore feel very much inclined—for the first time in my life—to do justice to myself and say, "Why 'Mars,' of course;" but then 'Mars' is not known as a chess-player at all, nor are my foreign friends agreed as to my identity. But they have paid me a great compliment by assuming me to be the eminent writer whose letters, as chess correspondent of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, contribute so much to our amusement and instruction. Well, I have not time this week to give a serious answer to this weighty question propounded; but let me tell a short anecdote anent it, which will give some idea of the variety of opinions which this question is likely to elicit. Once upon a time I was walking near Charing-cross with a gentleman, for whose initial I shall take the second, or rather the second last letter of the alphabet—say Y. Wisker was then in the heyday of his glory, and enjoyed the title of champion among his friends. "Well," said "Y," "I don't think much of 'W.' Why, I think 'U.'" (here he looked patronisingly and even affectionately at me), "even 'U.' better than 'W.'; but decidedly the best English player of the present day is MISTER Boden." This name he repeated, and then added, as though it were an afterthought, "But if MISTER Boden were to play me a *match*—law, bless you! he wouldn't win a single game!" MARS.

SHOOTING OVER DOGS IN AMERICA.

As many of our readers may have missed this letter, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we have pleasure in reprinting it. The writer, Mr. A. G. Bradley, writing from Virginia, says:—

"In an article on shooting over dogs you have rightly alluded to the demand there has been of late years for English pointers and setters in America. At the same time you express an inability to enlighten your readers as to the purposes for which they are imported. The truth is that the United States, if they are not now, must shortly be the head-quarters of the pointer and the setter. The number of sportsmen who shoot over dogs, the number of dogs hunted, and the extent of ground over which they are annually used in the British Islands, even now sink into insignificance when compared with the corresponding figures on this continent. The cause is self-evident. In England the pointer and the setter are necessary only for the first few days or so of grouse-shooting, a useful adjunct for partridge-shooting in certain localities, and valuable on certain kinds of snipe-ground, with the fast-ebbing sentiment of the older portion of the sporting world to retard their total disuse. With the exception of the New England States, New York, and Pennsylvania, where neither the quail nor the prairie-hen are found in sufficient numbers to save them from being made exceptions, the 'bird-dog' is universally necessary, universally appreciated, and unfailingly regarded as the most important element in a sportsman's outfit. The average Englishman's ideas of America with regard to more important affairs I know are hazy; and I feel well assured it would surprise the majority

of my countrymen to be told the position which this branch of sport holds in twenty States, each one of them greater in extent than England, containing millions of acres of prairie and stubble teeming with birds that can only be found with the aid of dogs. There is not, of course, quite the same social *éclat* about sport in America that there is in the Old Country, the consequence being the almost entire absence of men who shoot because it is the correct thing. And, again, quail-shooting especially—the *crème de la crème* of American wing-shooting—being as a rule very hard work and the severest test of sporting qualities, both in the matter of endurance, straight-holding, and the management of dogs, chokes off many a quasi-sportsman who in England would loaf through a day in the turnips or the coverts like a well-drilled private, but without an idea in his head regarding the science of the sport. How many of the rising generation of English sportsmen know anything at all about a setter—their points or their management in the field? I think I am right in saying that a general idea prevails in our fight little island that we are beyond comparison pre-eminent in matters pertaining to guns and dogs. A thorough acquaintance with this country would give the holders of such an opinion a severe shock. I am not speaking now of the manufacturers of the one or the breeders of the other, for in both matters America owes everything to England, but of the men who use them.

"Leaving out of the question the great army of big-game hunters that numbers in its ranks men of every class and every State—from the wealthy sportsmen of the Eastern cities who spend their annual holiday at their hunt-club lodges in the wilds of Maine or the Adirondacks, or light up with their camp-fires the lonely gorges of the Alleghenies, to the half savage rangers of the Far West—leaving this, the old traditional sport of the country, out of the question, and confining our remarks solely to the two principal branches of wing-shooting, quail and prairie-hen, let us take a cursory glance at the popularity they enjoy. The number of sporting clubs that of late years have sprung into existence—clubs for the purpose of bringing sportsmen together, preserving game, and re-stocking both fields and streams—is marvellous. There are city clubs, village clubs, and county clubs all through the Eastern and Southern States innumerable, not to speak of State associations and establishments for the breeding and importation of high-bred setters and pointers. A glance at Mr. Hallock's admirable paper *Forest and Stream* would, I think, surprise most Englishmen, though, owing to the size and sectional divisions of the country, it could give but a faint idea of the growing strength of Transatlantic sporting interests. The principal quail-shooting grounds for Eastern sportsmen are Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and the 15th of October is a day eagerly looked forward to by all lovers of the gun. The forests are resplendent in all the glory of autumnal tints; the dreamy, sunny haze of the Indian summer hangs over the wide sweeping stubble fields, now knee-deep in weeds and wild grass; the air is crisp; the birds are generally strong and well-grown, and afford, I think, better shooting than an English partridge, whose place they occupy in this country, for several reasons. To begin with, they fly faster, and being smaller, are by universal agreement much harder to stop. Again, the coveys scatter more readily, and afford far more single-bird shooting; moreover, they will on being flushed frequently fly to the woods, which latter being usually devoid of underbush, a continuation of snap-shots of every imaginable kind ensues, which puts to the severest test the steadiness of both men and dogs, giving a zest and a variety to the day's sport which some people think is wanting in England. Lastly, the indifference of the quail as to the sort of covert he alights in brings you in contact with whatever other game the district affords. If there are woodcock in the alder swamps, you are pretty sure to come upon them without having to alter your line of march. If any ruffed grouse have come down from the mountains and are feeding on the grapes along the margin of the stream, a covey of quail (or 'birds,' as in Old-Country phraseology they are here called) are sure to lead you into the middle of them, while occasionally even a confiding gang of wild turkeys may be stumbled upon.

"Field trials and bench shows are fast increasing, though it is a mooted question whether the canine aristocrats, most of whom are of the best English strains, and get through their hour or two's performance on these occasions with speed, grace, and accuracy, are equal to their plebeian brethren, the native American pointers and setters, for real thorough-going usefulness in the field; the endurance of some of these latter, even under the crudest kind of management, surpasses belief. The subject, however, I am endeavouring to treat of is an expansive one, and lest I should trespass too much on your space, I will conclude this letter with apologies for having done so thus far."

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—The Royal pack of buckhounds commenced forest hunting yesterday, in very beautiful though somewhat warm weather. At the Ascot kennels the huntsmen and whips were early astir, the preparations for the opening run being completed shortly before ten o'clock, when the hounds, under Frank Goodall and his attendants, quitted the yard for the Royal Hotel, at the south-west corner of the heath. Here they were met by the field, which included many of the regular followers of the "Queen's," and, after a few minutes' waiting for late comers, the pack was trotted down the Bagshot-road to Swinley Forest, where a stag was enlarged for the purpose of bleeding the young hounds. The fine seasonable weather of the last few days has enabled many farmers to clear their land, and within a fortnight the country around Windsor will be in splendid condition for hunting. The first public meet of Her Majesty's staghounds will be held early next month, the rendezvous being at Salthill, near Slough.

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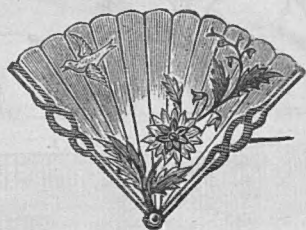
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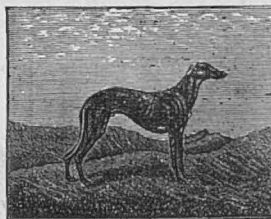
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